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THE LATE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the late Western millionaire, NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, who died at Cincinnati on the 10th ult.

Mr. Longworth was born at Newark, New Jersey, in 1783. In early life it is said that he was brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. He soon abandoned this, and tried his hand at trade in South Carolina. In 1804, when just twenty-one, he removed to Cincinnati, and entered the office of Judge Jacob Burnet as a law student. He pursued his studies about six months, and then dashed into the practice of his hastily-acquired profession in the rough and irregular way peculiar to that primitive period. He foresaw, at an early period of his residence in the West, the future greatness of the then insignificant village of Cincinnati; and though unsustained in his opinions by those of his fellow-settlers in the new community, took advantage of their unbelief, and began a series of systematic investment of every thing he could make by his services as lawyer and land-agent in the well-wooded acres surrounding the original clearing of Fort Washington and Losantiville. He bought for trifling sums whatever was rejected by every body else, and thus acquired the title, which his heirs still retain, to some of the most valuable portions of the present city and its immediate suburbs. By this means he accumulated, in the course of a few years, an amount of property that, in 1819, he gave up practicing law, that he might devote himself to the management and improvement of his estate.

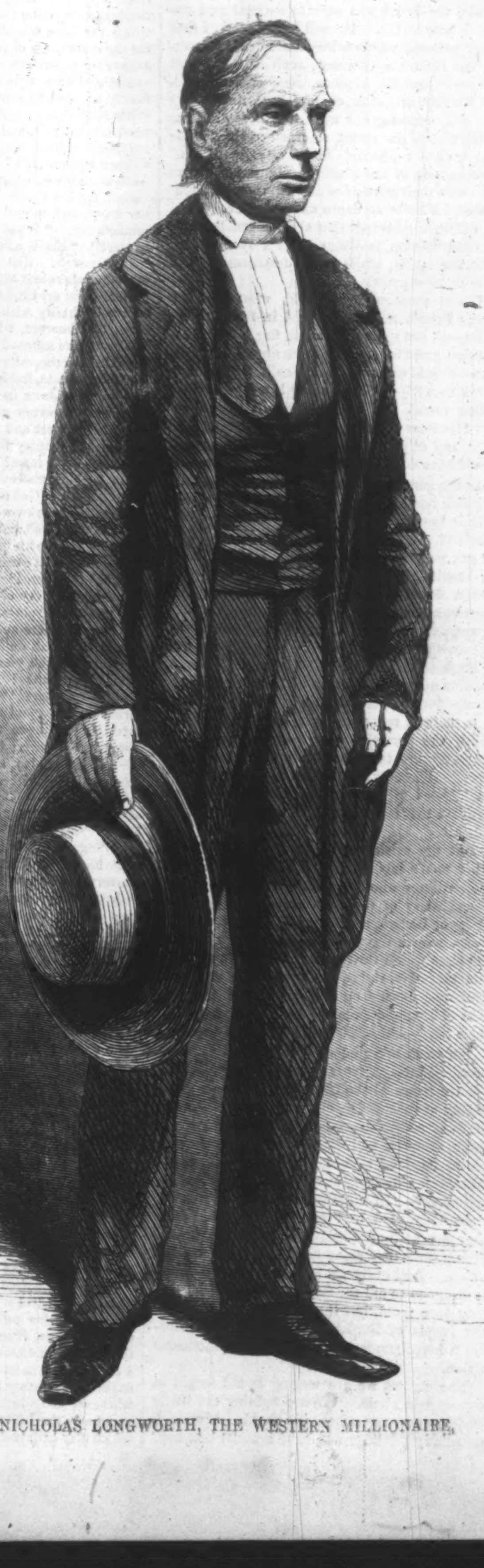
Perhaps the first step toward the accumulation of his wealth was an incident which occurred to him during his legal practice. The story is told by those who knew him well and kept a careful record of his career. Mr. Longworth once received as a legal fee from a criminal accused of horse-stealing, and who had nothing else to give, two second-hand copper stills. These were in the charge of one Joel Williams, who kept a tavern adjacent to the river, and who was a large property holder at that time. On presenting his order, Mr. Williams told Longworth that he could not part with the stills, for he was just building a distillery in Butler County; but he would give him a lot of thirty-three acres on Western Row in lieu of the articles. Mr. Longworth, whose view of the value of property was always in advance of public opinion, gladly closed with the proposal. Those thirty-three acres occupied a front on Western Row from Sixth to Seventh streets, running west; and this transaction alone, taking into view the prodigious advance in real estate, in itself furnished the basis of an immense fortune, the ground itself being in 1851 worth nearly two millions of dollars, and of course is of much more value now. His property increased so rapidly that in 1850 his taxes rated higher than any other man in the United States except William B. Astor, the taxes of the latter amounting to $23,116, while those of Longworth were over $17,000.

It was, however, as a vine-grower and horticulturist that he was most famed. He always manifested a fondness for the cultivation of fruits and flowers, and at an early period astonished the Western people by the beauty and extent of his garden. He took much pains to gather from all parts of the West the most valuable and interesting of our native vegetable productions, and placed them in circumstances to test their susceptibility to improvement by aid of the best systems of garden and green-house culture then known. Many of our beautiful native plants, now familiarly known as favorite florists' flowers, are indebted to him for their introduction into cultivated society, their native home being the forests and prairies of the Western States. He was always curious after new and interesting things of Nature's producing. It was the remark of an old citizen of Cincinnati that, if Mr. Longworth was to be suddenly thrown, neck and heels, into the Ohio River, he would come to the surface with a new variety of fish in each hand. His chief interest in horticultural matters, however, has been expended upon the strawberry and the grape. The perfection of variety and culture to which he has, by his experiments and labors, brought these two important fruits of the country have established their extensive and systematic cultivation in all parts of the West.

The Catawba Grape is a native of North Carolina, having been first brought into public notice as a wine-grape by Major Adlum, of Washington; and the knowledge of the fact that wine, in an experimental way, had been made from its fruit, induced Mr. Longworth to enter systematically upon its cultivation, and to take measures for manufacturing the wine on a scale extensive enough to encourage the establishment of numerous vineyards, and to afford a market on his own premises for all the Must that could be made and delivered to him in a circuit of fifty miles. At the same time he offered a reward of five hundred dollars to whoever should discover a better variety. It proved a great stimulus to the growth of the Catawba vine in the neighborhood of Cincinnati to know that a man of Mr. Longworth's means stood ready to pay cash, at the rate of from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter a gallon, for all the grape juice that might be brought to him, without reference to the quantity. It was in this way, and by urgent popular appeals through the columns of the newspapers, that he succeeded, after many failures, and against the depressing influence of much doubt and indifference, in bringing the enterprise up to its present high and staple position. When he took the matter in hand there was much to discourage any one not possessed of the traits of constancy of purpose and perseverance peculiar to Mr. Longworth. Many had tried the manufacture of wine, and had failed to give it any economical or commercial importance. It was not believed, until Mr. Longworth practically demonstrated it, after many long and patient trials of many valued varieties from France and Madeira, none of which gave any promise of success, that a native grape was the only one upon which any hope could be placed, and that of the native grapes, of which he had experimented upon every known variety, the Catawba offered the most assured promise of success, and was the one upon which all vine-growers might with confidence depend. It took years of unremitted care, multiplied and wide-spread investigations, and the expenditure of large sums of money, to establish this fact, and bring the agricultural community to accept it and act under its guidance. The success attained by Mr. Longworth soon induced other gentlemen resident in the vicinity of Cincinnati, and favorably situated for the purpose, to undertake the culture of the Catawba, and several of them are now regularly and extensively engaged in the manufacture of wine. The impetus and encouragement thus given to the business soon led the German citizens of Hamilton County to perceive its advantages, and under their thrifty management thousands of acres, stretching up from the banks of the Ohio, are now covered with luxuriant and profitable vineyards, rivaling in profusion and beauty the vine-clad hills of Italy and France. The oldest vineyard in the county of Hamilton is of Mr. Longworth's planting. The annual product of these vineyards may be set down at between five and six hundred thousand gallons, worth at present from one and a half to two dollars a gallon; but the price, owing to the rapidity of the consumption, will probably advance rather than decline. It is the prophecy of Mr. Flagg, Mr. Longworth's son-in-law, that, in the course of comparatively few years, the annual product of the Sparkling Catawba will be counted by millions of bottles, while that of the still sorts will be estimated by its millions of gallons. Mr. Longworth alone bottled annually over 150,000 bottles, and had five years ago in his cellars a ripening stock of 300,000 bottles. These cellars are situated on the declivity of East Sixth Street, on the road to Observatory Hill. They occupy a space ninety feet by one hundred and twenty-five, and consist of two tiers of massive stone vaults, the lower of which is twenty-five feet below the surface of the ground. Here are carried on all the various processes of wine-making, the mashing, pressing, fining, racking, bottling, labeling, and boxing; and beneath the arches and along the walls are the wine butts, arranged and numbered in the order of the several vintages; piles of bottles stand about, ready for the bottlers.

The charities and eccentricities of "Old Longworth," as he was fond of calling himself, are a never-ending theme among Ohioians. His charities were regulated, and he never gave when he did not fully understand the case. He seldom refused work to those who asked for it, devising it for the occasion when he really had none waiting, and furnishing the necessary implements to those who had none of their own. The class to which he was accustomed to give work, chiefly of the sort requiring picks and shovels and garden tools, were not always of the most honest description; and he used to relate numerous instances in which his spades and hoes and similar implements—saws, pickaxes, and what not—had been carried off at the close of the day by those to whom he had loaned them to enable them to earn what he paid them for their day's work. The chief objects of his usual charities were those utterly destitute, and the least likely to obtain assistance from any body else. He had a whimsical theory that those whom every body will help were not entitled to any aid from him, and that he would confine his donations to the worthless and wretched vagabonds that every one else turns away from. A committee of Mormons, on a begging expedition, was once sent to him by a friend, with a note intimating that, as these people were not Christians, and seemed to be abandoned by every body that professed to be, they probably came within his rule, and he could consistently assist them. He did so without hesitation.

Over his immense wine-cellars he erected a large four-story building of brick, for the accommodation of poor laborers of both sexes. The different floors are reached by separate stairs and galleries, and each is divided into fourteen good-sized apartments, suitable for a man and his family, or two or three women. These rooms are generally all occupied, and those who are unable to pay are charged no rent. The building is well known among those for whose use it was built as the barracks. Notwithstanding the really charitable design of this construction, its tenants have



THE LATE NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, THE WESTERN MILLIONAIRE.

been the most ungrateful and troublesome of any he had to deal with. They used to annoy him incessantly, and frequently broke into the wine-vaults below and stole his choicest wine.

Another of Mr. Longworth's permanent and quiet charities was the weekly distribution at his house, every Monday morning, of three to eight hundred ten-cent loaves of bread to whoever would call for them. Once, when flour was high, and the bakers reduced the size of their loaves, Mr. Longworth thought he would be doing his beneficiaries a good turn by having them made partly of rye, and thus considerably enlarging their size. His customers, however, as soon as they found it out, raised such a clamor, and called him so many disparaging names, and annoyed him so much with their threats and complaints, that he was glad to order a return to the pure wheat. No crosses and ingratitude of this kind wearied the kindness of his heart, or distressed him half so much as the sight of destitution and suffering.

When Professor Mitchell took in hand the establishment of an Astronomical Observatory, and went about soliciting popular subscriptions for the purpose, application was made to Mr. Longworth to know whether he would part with his Mount Adams property, and on what terms, as a site for the proposed Observatory. He at once made a donation for the purpose of four acres of ground on the top of the hill, conditioned only that it should be only used for the contemplated object forever.

The personal appearance and manner of Mr. Longworth were very singular. He was small in stature, probably about five feet three, thin in figure, and moved with a shambling gait. He was very careless in his costume. He unfailingly wore a white cravat, with a shirt collar sometimes reaching to his ears, sometimes falling over on his neck. His hat was napless, old, and discolored; his clothes fitting loosely about him; his shoes, or brogans rather, were large and unblacked, with the thongs, if they had any, straggling about. This figure, with hands stuck in the pockets of a very long coat, with a quick, twinkling eye, sharp features, and a long thin mouth, quivering with fun and sarcasm, could be easily recognized in the streets of Cincinnati as Nick Longworth, the millionaire.

A curious anecdote is related of him, which illustrates his peculiarity of dress and habit. On one of those intolerably hot days which visit Cincinnati in mid-summer he sat on a stoop to rest for a few moments, and while wiping the perspiration from his forehead held his hat in his hand. A gentleman passing by, judging from his dress and fatigued appearance that he was in need of alms, dropped a quarter into his hat. This was in the ancient happy days when quarters formed a portion of the circulating medium. Mr. Longworth put the coin in his pocket, and remarked, very naively, "Thank you, Sir; I never earned a quarter so easily before in my life." Despising the externals of wealth and elegance in his own person, Longworth kept a princely home. His gardens and hot-houses abounded in the rarest exotics, and he did not shut them up with a niggard hand from the public. His beautiful gardens in Pike Street, near Deer Creek, were accessible to every respectable person who wished to enjoy them, and, if his gardeners were not on hand to point out their beauties, it is very probable that Nicholas Longworth himself would perform the part of chaperon. Mr. Longworth was a ready writer, full of wit, humor, and sarcasm. His contributions to the agricultural magazines and daily journals were very valuable. In fact, the agricultural and fruit-growing interests of the West are highly indebted to him for their progress.

Mr. Longworth had four children—three daughters and one son. One of the daughters married Larz Anderson, of Cincinnati, brother of the hero of Fort Sumter—a prominent lawyer, at one time a noticeable Whig politician, and a most elegant and accomplished gentleman. The wealth of which Mr. Longworth died possessed is put down at fifteen millions, but it is probable that it may be quoted at a much higher figure. His city lots alone would probably amount to that sum. The value of his property in the suburbs of Cincinnati, and in the different counties of Western Ohio, from Hamilton County to Sandusky, would probably swell his estate to twenty millions. In every sense he was a remarkable man, whose biography is worth preserving.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

WHO ARE OUR ENEMIES IN ENGLAND?

SOME stir has been created in fashionable circles by the eccentric behavior of a British nobleman, the Marquis of, or Lord, Hartingdon, son, it is said, of the Duke of Devonshire, who lately appeared at an evening party given by the banker Belmont with a miniature secession flag, worn as an order of nobility, on the breast of his coat. He was civilly requested to remove it, but declined to do any thing so reasonable. Thereupon an officer in the United States Infantry, a son of our townsman Mr. Charles A. Hecksher, gave him the choice of removing it himself or having it removed for him; and the British nobleman wisely chose the former alternative. It was expected that a hostile meeting would grow out of the little transaction; but his Lordship has very commendably avoided provoking any such breach of the peace.

Before we condemn this interesting member of the British aristocracy—as many of our fellow-citizens seem inclined to do—we must call to mind his station and the examples he had before him. The favorite motto of the British aristocracy is, "Stand by your Order!" And it is to the faithful adherence of the bulk of British noblemen to this party cry that the British aristocracy has owed its long lease of power. Begotten in corruption, fattened on plunder, and subsisting solely through the inconceivable devotion of the British people to the principle of toadyism, the British aristocracy would have been long since overthrown and destroyed, but for the stanch adherence of all its members to the duty of standing by their order, and opposing, by any and every means, the inroads of the democracy upon their hereditary domains. Every British nobleman is bred in this principle—that, perish what may, he must stand by his party. Like John (now General) Cochrane, who declared himself ready to vote for the devil, if he had received a regular nomination at Tammany Hall, every member of that hallowed body, the British aristocracy, is ready to sustain, by word or act, the policy of his order, though that policy condemn him to stand by Satan and all his myrmidons.

This young lord, now, seeking a guide of conduct during his stay here, will naturally have found it in the speeches and writings of the leaders of his party at home. He will have noticed that Mr. Gladstone, who, though untitled, is one of the most reliable leaders of the British aristocracy, has expressed his decided sympathy with the Southern rebels. He has read Earl Russell's sneering dispatches to our Government, and his speech in which he declared that "the North was contending for power, and the slave-owners for independence." He has doubtless remarked that Earl Derby and Mr. Disraeli—also influential leaders of the British aristocracy though of the party opposed to Earl Russell and Mr. Gladstone—have concurred in the opinion that, on the whole, the South was sure to succeed and the North sure to fail. He will have observed that other persons, representing, more or less directly, the British aristocracy, such as Sir James Ferguson and Mr. Lindsay, member of the British Parliament, after coming here, and eating our beef, drinking our wine, and accepting the obeisances of our snobs, returned to their home and reviled us, having found no "gentlemen" here outside of the Southern plantation, where men own their mistresses and sell their children. Finally, if he be an acute and observant youth, he will have perceived that every journal of aristocratic opinion in Great Britain sympathized with the rebels, while every democratic organ gave us its support.

Under these circumstances, what could a young British nobleman—bred in fealty to his order—do but sport a secession flag? We protest that great injustice has been done this young man—should we apologize for calling him merely "a man?"—by denouncing him as a snob, a vulgar rascal, and a scamp who desired to insult Monsieur Belmont's guests. He merely did what any other British nobleman of his spirit would have done under the like circumstances.

In the general tendency to denounce England—which has been aroused by the *Alabama*, etc.—it is too often forgotten that the people of England are as palpably divided on the subject of our war as the people of the United States. In London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and a dozen other large British towns, public meetings have been held, at which resolutions of sympathy with the North have been carried by overwhelming majorities. The slavery party in England have been challenged to call a single popular meeting to sustain their views, and have wisely declined the challenge. It is believed that there is not a single town in England in which the partisans of the slave Confederacy could venture to face the people on their platform. Wherever the English people have had a fair chance to express their views, the honest British spirit has taken sides manfully with the North.

But the aristocracy—the men who live by other men's labor, like the Southern planters; the lordlings who enjoy fat estates in virtue of the apostasy of their ancestors, two centuries since, or because a dissolute female ancestor of theirs became the mistress of a king or prince; the class which thrives on hereditary privileges and exclusive rights, and whose property and livelihood depend on the exclusion of the yeomen of England from the legitimate reward of their labor—this class is our deadly enemy.

For years, these indecent robbers of other men's bread—European types of Southern slave-drivers—have regarded the United States as the chief enemy of their order, and the standing menace of their sons' inheritance. They have lived, eaten, drunken, and slept, in terror, lest the people of England should some day discover that American Government was possible without an aristocracy. In times gone by slavery was the stone they used to throw in our face. Now they are as fond of slavery as Jeff Davis and Mason, and they stone us with the pebble—disunion. And every act and every word of theirs is designed to aid the Southern rebels—not that they love them, but that they want to show to the people of England that government without a hereditary aristocracy is an impracticable vision.

The contest we are waging is not fought in our interest alone. We are fighting the battle of democracy throughout the world. If we win, hereditary privilege will have seen its best day. If we fail, the Marquis of Hartingdon and his class will realize their dearest hope, and the partisans of democracy and free government will be crushed for many a generation.

THE LOUNGER.

LEAH.

WHEN we spoke last week of the hatred of races, and mentioned the fearful persecution of the Jews in Europe three or four centuries ago, we did not know of the powerful sermon that was nightly preached from the same text in the drama of *Leah*, played by Miss Bateman at Niblo's theatre. It is an English adaptation of a German sensation drama, and there was never a more timely play. It was in its fifth week when we saw it; and it would be well if it could be seen for fifty weeks, and always by a crowd as large as that which has thronged the theatre during Miss Bateman's engagement.

The plot is simple, and turns upon the loathing which was felt in Christian Europe for the Jews. It shows the deceit, the terrible crimes, the hopeless imbruting of human nature, which necessarily springs from the indulgence of such hate. The effect is great. As a simply sensational performance it is remarkable. The play is wrought in bold, coarse strokes. There is never any doubt as to the meaning. But its peculiar fitness to the condition of our public affairs is most striking.

The play opens in a village in Germany upon a holiday. The peasants, after service in the church, pass out, leaving the old magistrate, the priest, the schoolmaster, and a young woman upon the scene. The schoolmaster is an apostate Jew, living in terror lest he should be discovered and betrayed by some of his race, and therefore affecting an extreme Christian zeal that he may the more relentlessly insist upon banishing all Jews. There is some theological sparring between him and the priest, in which the false schoolmaster is painfully zealous for the observance of forms, and the priest mildly asserts the superiority of the Christian spirit. The young girl then tells a story of a poor Christian family relieved by some Jews. The schoolmaster starts with horror, and expresses the most malignant hate of Jews, and betrays his fear of the consequences of their coming. While they are still talking the rabble of the village rush in chasing Leah the Jewess, whom they have discovered, and clamor for her death. The priest, having heard her story, and moved by his pious human heart, protects her. "What has this forlorn woman done to you?" "She is a Jewess," reply the mob, "and that's enough. Kill her! Drown her!" The priest advances and holds them back. "I am your pastor. You are Christians. Christ commands us to live in charity with all men. Why should you harm the innocent, who asks only forbearance?" The crowd are softened by this appeal, and fall back from their victim, who stands motionless and silent. But the apostate, fearing lest the priest should prevail, and the Jews be suffered to remain with the chance of discovery and shame to himself, turns toward the priest and people and says: "But the laws of our country forbid her to remain. Shall we not obey the laws?" Instantly the crowd roars again for the innocent blood. But the priest repeats the law of God commanding the succor of the helpless, and the crowd once more yields.

Then, fierce and malignant, the apostate turns to them, holding up his finger, crouching, glaring, and whispering—"We want no Jews here! none of the accursed race here!" Again the clubs are raised, and the hoarse cry of the rabble is heard. Again the priest interposes. But the dark apostate, glaring once more and scornfully whispering, demands: "What do they come for? To beg; to steal; to take your work and wrest the bread from your mouths! Ha ha! We want no accursed Jews here!" The rage of the multitude shrieks in reply, and they press more furiously and threateningly upon the pale and terrified Leah. The priest appeals; but the ferocious passions of the mob are in play, and the apostate hisses again: "Not only to beg; not only to rob; not only to take your work and food, but to steal your children and murder them for the Passover feast. No Jews here! None of the God-accursed race in our peaceful village!" It is the critical moment. Malignant hate and Christian charity contend for the mastery. The mob rushes on to immolate the unresisting victim, but at the very moment of threatened murder the priest, vicar of God, places his hand upon the head of the Jewess, raises the cross above her in the air, and the crowd of furious peasants at the sight of the holy symbol instinctively fall upon their knees.

The rest of the play develops the course of crime and universal misery which springs from the fear of the apostate and the deep-seated hate of the people toward the Jews.

It would not be possible to represent the attitude and arguments of the reactionary leaders at the North more perfectly than in the words and conduct of the apostate. The staple of all the speeches against the Government, and in favor of the rebellion and anarchy is, like his, an appeal to the popular prejudice against an outcast race. The argument is simply—"Is a negro equal to a white man? Will you fight for the negro? Do you want your daughter to marry a black man? Do you want the bread taken from your mouths and the work from your hands by negroes? Will you have black Senators and a negro President?"

Upon this hatred of race the reaction tries to found its political power in order to abase, divide, and destroy this nation. It has no other hope, no other resource, than this desperate pandering to the meanest and most inhuman prejudice. If such a course is not in itself sufficiently revolting—if its exposure in history is not appalling enough—then, whenever and wherever you can, go and see Leah, and have the lesson burned in upon your mind, which may help to save the national life and honor.

OPPRESSION.

AT a time when the desperation of party-spirit is endeavoring to make it appear that the liberties of American citizens are endangered by the Government, it is worth while to note an instance of real oppression by a Government that we may understand what tyranny is. From some of the wild speeches made in "Conservative" clubs, but fortunately often hissed as well as applauded, it might be supposed that honest people here were really in peril. Dungeons and midnight seizures are anathematized as if there were a system of terror already established. And the loudest cries are raised by those who have instigated all the mobs in the country for the last twenty years, and who have deliberately excused the constant wanton violations of the Constitution, of common right, and of ordinary humanity, which have been always matters of course in the section now in rebellion.

The immediate occasion of the late Polish insurrection against the Russian Government was the Conscription for 1863. Instead of being distributed equally among the people it was made to fall, by a special order, upon one class, and resulted in a seizure of the bankers, traders, and professional men of the country, "the main object being to clear the country of all persons likely to disturb the public tranquillity." A general descent was made upon their houses at night by Cossacks. The victims were seized. Their hands tied. They were dragged to fortresses, and then sent off in gangs to the Caucasus and Siberia to serve for twenty-five years in a foreign army.

Among civilized nations in modern times there has been no such outrage of humanity and civil right as this, except in the rebellious slave section of this country. There a more overwhelming despotism and universal terror prevails than an American citizen of the free States can believe to be possible. Before the war actually began it was a crime punishable with insult, danger, and even death to be a Northern man. Now it is a capital offense to be suspected of fidelity to the country. And this is the state of things with which those are in full and active sympathy who are so alarmed by the "Lincoln tyranny." Marshal Kane is profoundly concerned for the liberties of American citizens at the North, so is Vallandigham, so is May, so is every man who wishes the success of the rebellion. But upon the fearful and bloody annihilation of every form of liberty, personal and political, under the rebel rule, they have not a word to say except in commendation and sympathy.

Let every man ask himself what this means. To what does "Conservatism" of this kind inevitably tend? Let him read the recently published work of Rev. Mr. Aughey, who, convicted of loving his country, escaped from the rebel gallows, and the story of Parson Brownlow, and of Mr. Stevenson in the Thirteen Months in the Confederate Army, and of Mr. Russell in his Diary at the North and South; let him talk with his neighbors who have had experience before the war of the respect shown the rights of an American citizen by slave-holding communities, and answer.

POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY.

POPULAR politics—to use a convenient term—began with our Revolution. To control the popular sentiment is, therefore, the aim of political leaders. How to control it is their problem. The question has been historically answered in three ways.

First, our fathers answered it by saying that the general well-being was founded in the perception of natural equal rights, and was to be maintained by constant popular enlightenment as to the close relation between the protection of rights, or justice, and public prosperity. Second, the French Revolutionists of '93 answered it by the simple word "terror"—a policy which ended in anarchy and military despotism. Third, the French Revolution of 1830 answered it by saying that the control of public opinion was to be secured by fear of tumults, and by universal and skillful corruption.

Louis Philippe was the Magnus Apollo of this policy. He is the great progenitor and model of what Mr. Beecher calls the Pennsylvania and New York school. Louis Philippe depended upon the timidity of trade, and upon his ability to bribe men by their ambition. If they wished money, he gave gold. If they wished reputation with action, he gave office at home and abroad. If they wished passive distinction, he covered them with honorary decorations. His reign was the policy of governing by selfish interest, tried by the most skillful hand under the most favorable conditions. What was the result? Simply that, after a career of eighteen years, his government suddenly ended, not by an overthrow, but by a collapse—a tumbling down. In all France no voice spoke for it—no finger was raised for it. The old Bourbon branch, the effete branch as we call it, at least struggled, convulsed Europe and the world, and finally, by its foreign alliances, conquered the revolution, seated Louis XVIII. in the Tuileries, and sent Napoleon to St. Helena. But the younger branch simply rotted in its place, and, like a tree, sank suddenly and wholly, not in a gale, but because of its utter decay.

The doctrine of Louis Philippe is that of a school of politicians among ourselves. It is what is called the doctrine of expediency. It claims the possession of common sense. It sneers at dreamers, and impracticable theorists, and visionary philosophers. It assumes to be practical, to take men as they are. Its boast is that it deals with facts. It informs us that civilization and progress are slow processes; that we can't hurry God; and that Jefferson tells us to do what we can, and not to spoil every thing by trying to do all we would. In one word, it declares that politics have nothing to do with morals, because politics as a system is the science of expediency.

Granted. But now please to explain your explanation. If there were ever a politician unvexed by any moral qualms, Louis Philippe was he. If there were ever a man of expedients, Louis Philippe was the man. If ever the doctrine that government is an affair of shifts, and arrangements, and concessions, and compromises, and yielding to prejudices, and making all things smooth and profitable in the pocket, for every body had a fair chance, it was during the eighteen years, from 1830 to 1848, in France. By their fruits ye shall judge them. If the success of prosperity, honor, and peace with dignity, be the test of good government, who achieved it, Louis Philippe, the practical man of expedients, or Oliver Cromwell, the enthusiast and religious fanatic?

Is it not clear that when you excuse the appeal to the lowest selfishness upon the plea that politics is a science of expediency you beg the whole question? For what is the question? Given human nature and man in society, what is expediency? That only which is based upon the broadest view of human nature, upon its strongest instincts, upon its most profound emotions. And what are they? What are the tendencies and feelings in human nature that have produced the great epochs in history, the controlling changes in civilization? Did they spring from the pocket or the conscience? Unquestionably the right path is also at last the profitable, but not at first, and it is the first step that costs. Nothing which outrages the common conscience can be expedient. If, for instance, it be a law, it is inexpedient, because it will either remain a dead letter and bring all laws and just authority into contempt, or else it will be executed amidst tumults and protests which will end in revolution. Thus the moral nature of men becomes the most important consideration of all in matters of political policy. Interest, convenience, and all the minor oppositions may be set aside, but conscience is firmer than the everlasting hills, and surer than the law of gravity.

Thus it is the most foolish fallacy to make expediency the counterpart or opposing term in politics to principle; or to evade the moral view of public questions by saying that morality has nothing to do with them. Why, you have only to fortify any cause with a moral conviction and you make it impregnable. The Albigenses, the Cameronians, the early Christians, the later Protestants, might be routed and massacred, but the cause itself, intrenched in the popular conscience, laughed the conqueror to scorn.

The meanness, the timidity, the miscalled "expediency," the total want of principle in our politics have plunged us into this war. Since the days of our fathers, who were forced to know and willing to declare the moral principles upon which they acted, the simplicity and manliness of our public men have declined. The insolent bullying of Congressmen, whose pride it was that they bought and sold human beings in a republic based upon liberty and equal rights, was hardly so mortifying as the hesitating opposition and obsequious bearing of those who thought with Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, Laurens, George Mason, and John Adams, and whose political views and principles were those of the Constitution. In Washington Slavery has cracked the whip and Liberty has cowered and apologized, always with splendid and memorable exceptions. The wretched excuse has been that it was not "expedient" to do otherwise. Was it, then, not "expedient" for John Hampden to refuse to pay twenty shillings, even if he risked a revolution? Was it not "expedient" in the colonies to declare that they would not pay taxes without representation? Is it not "expedient" to declare to-day that either the victory of the rebellion will fortify Slavery, or that of the Government will establish Liberty upon this continent? If Louis Philippe and his school had sat in the seats of Hampden, Pym, and Tiennes—if they had stood in the shoes of Patrick Henry and Sam Adams—if they had been monks with Martin Luther—the work of three centuries would have to be done over again. Until men acknowledge the expediency of equal justice there will be no permanent peace in any nation. Are those, therefore, who insist that justice is the truest expediency blind guides? Our politicians hitherto have insisted that there was no relation between them. But their position in the presence of this war, which is simply the tremendous assertion that there *is* a relation between them, is more pitiful and ludicrous than that of their great prototype, Louis Philippe, appalled by the mere shadow of a revolution, and fleeing from France as Mr. William Smith with a huge cotton umbrella under his arm.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

THE attempt of "the Conservative movement" to cut loose from its leaders will not succeed. If Wood, Vallandigham, Cox, Brooks, and the Seymours are not its logical leaders, who are? Who conduct the movement against the Administration and the war? It is these men or nobody. For there are but two parties, there can be but two. That which supports the Government in the war, and that which opposes it. To undertake a third party, which calls itself a war-party, provided the Government will be directed by it, is nonsense. Vallandigham would be satisfied if the Government would be controlled by him.

That the men we have named are the leaders of this new "Conservatism," which would reduce this nation to a mob of contemptible States, like Venezuela, and Ecuador, and Guatemala, and that the rebels regard them as their friends and virtual allies, should be clear enough by this time to the dullest mind.

The influence of "the Conservative movement," as illustrated in the autumn elections, upon the suppression of the rebellion, is seen in all the rebel papers and correspondence.

"Were it not," says a correspondent, writing from Richmond to Knoxville, "for the utter demoralization of the Federal armies; were it not that the quasi rebellion of the Governors of New Jersey and New York had affected Burnside's army as thoroughly as that of Rosecrans, which has felt more seriously the influence of Richardson, Bright, and Vallandigham; were these Federal forces as brave and devoted to the cause they have espoused as they were twelve months ago," etc.

Here are simple cause and effect. "Quasi rebellion" of certain Governors is cited by the rebels as the demoralizing influence of our army. Was, or was not, the election of those Governors hailed as "a Conservative triumph" by those who try to get rid of Vallandigham and Co.?

So in October, pending the elections, the Richmond *Examiner* said:

"The elections of New York will decide the complexion of the next House of Representatives, and they thus possess an interest which has attached to no other elections that have taken place since the commencement of the war."

Why this great interest? Clearly because of the chance of a Congress which differed in sentiment from this. Could it be more determined upon the war? Certainly not. The interest lay, therefore, in the hope of a House more favorable to negotiation. Could that House be elected except by "a Conservative triumph?" Echo answers, No.

"It is not to be denied," says the rebel writer, "that a Democratic victory at the North would be a subject of much gratification."

Were there more than two tickets at the election? And was not the "Conservative" ticket precisely what is here called Democratic? Why, then, would such a "Conservative" victory be so gratifying to the men who are in arms against the Government and nation? Because it would help them or hurt them?

The identity of the "peace" party with the "Conservative party" is so clearly established that to attempt to prove it is a gilding of fine gold, a painting of the lily. And that the leaders of the one are of necessity the chiefs of the other is equally evident. The attempt to stand between this "Conservatism," which is disunion, and anarchy, and acknowledgment of the rebellion, and the vigorous and hearty support of the Government, whether all its measures and men exactly please us or not, is hopeless. In the English civil war of 1645 the Presbyterians tried to stand between the Independents and the King. They argued that because the King claimed more than his constitutional rights it was not fair for the Parliament to overstep the limits of its power in order to put him down. But the truth was, as Macaulay, and Lord Nugent, and Godwin, and all the historians show, that a middle course was impossible. The King was resolved to overthrow the Constitution. He was fair in talk, and as false as fair. And the Parliament knew it. The game was desperate. The stake was the liberty of the English subject; and Parliament did not hesitate to exceed its normal powers in order to save the Constitution and the nation. And all the people cried Amen! The Constitution was saved, and the rights of the nation secured.

The rebels are as false and haughty as Charles Stuart. They mean the destruction of the Government. Fortunately that Government need not and does not transcend its powers to save itself. But even if it were forced to do so, what man capable of conceiving the disaster of disunion would not cry God-speed? We must stand by that Union, then, or leave it to its enemies. And when the enemy is at the gate, there is no distinction in moral guilt between a foe who fires upon the garrison and one who insists that the garrison shall not fire unless they will use such powder and ball as he has to sell.

A WORD WITH ANY CONNECTICUT VOTER.

No faithful citizen of the United States, in whatever State he may live, will wish to vote for a candidate who is acceptable to the rebels, because to do so is to help them overthrow the Government. Should any Connecticut voter, therefore, whose party sympathies have been Democratic, but whose heart and soul are true to his country, happen to see this paragraph, let him reflect upon the statement of the Richmond *Examiner*, one of the chief organs of the rebellion, which, in denouncing the Northern Democrats in general for being "as fierce in their apostasy to former principles as Butler himself," says, however, that among them *"are to be found one Pierce, one Vallandigham, one Wood, and two Seymours, like the five just men in Sodom."*

If, therefore, any Connecticut freeman feels that he can be true to his country by doing what his enemies wish, let him vote for the man whom the rebels praise. It is not a party question. It is the salvation of the country which is at stake.

CHILDS'S NATIONAL ALMANAC.

THIS work is the best American almanac ever published. It contains full and complete statistics of the General Government, names of the officials, abstracts of the laws, statistics of the Census of 1860, a full account of the Government, population, finances, agricultural and commercial condition of each State; a digest of the history and condition of all the railroads of the United States; statistics of education, crime, crops, etc., etc., and a very good account of the war from its commencement. It is a book every one should have.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"PRAY, Sir, of what profession are you?" said a learned counsel to a witness who had come prepared to prove a fact, and who was not deemed a very respectable gentleman. "Sir, I am a shoemaker and wine-merchant." "A what, Sir?" said the learned counsel. "A wine-merchant and shoemaker." "Then," said the counsel, "I may describe you as a sherry cobbler!"

"Why is it," said a young swell, a few days since, "that I can't make my collar sit well?"—"Because it is a standing collar," replied the person to whom the question was addressed.

The man that drew a long breath has taken another chance in the same lottery.

"Is that animal a biped or a quadruped?" asked one of the visitors to a circus, one day, of a by-stander. "I think, Sir," said an evident student of natural history, with bulging eyes and green spectacles, "that the man who shows the animals called it a *kangarooped!*"

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

An afflicted husband was returning from the funeral of his wife, when a friend asked how he was. "Well," he said, pathetically, "I think I feel the better for that little walk."

There was an Irish lawyer who invariably wrote at the bottom of his brief, "If any part of the case should fail, or want making out, call my clerk, Tim Donnegan, and he will swear any thing."

"I am happy, Tom, to hear the report that you have succeeded to *large landed property.*" "And I am sorry to say it is *groundless.*"

Why is a lady remarrying like a chimes'-ringer?—Because one rings the changes, while the other changes the ring.

A handsome woman pleases the eyes, a good woman pleases the heart: the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

"Tis false," as the girl said when her lover told her she had beautiful hair.

QUERY FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—What do the sailors do with the knots the ship makes in a day?

The gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind finds himself "blown" all over town.

THE BURGLAR'S ASPIRATION.—A skeleton-key in every cupboard.

"I'll be *blessed* if I do," as the girl said when her lover asked her to be married.

"I can't support you any longer," as the rotten bridge said to the elephant.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, February 18, in the Senate, Senator Foot, of Vermont, was chosen President *pro tempore*, Vice-President Hamlin having announced his intention to be absent for the remainder of the session. A joint resolution to compensate the crew of the iron battery *Monitor* for loss of clothing was adopted. The bill making appropriations for fortifications was passed; also the bill to regulate the appointment of midshipmen. The bill fixing the gauge of the Pacific Railroad and branches at four feet eight and a half inches was passed. The bill organizing the courts of the District of Columbia was discussed, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Senate bill granting aid to Missouri for the emancipation of slaves was referred to the select Committee on Emancipation. The House passed the Senate bill for the purpose of removing doubts as to the meaning of former laws. It authorizes the President, when two kinds of punishment are imposed by a court, pecuniary and imprisonment, to remit the one or the other. When the imprisonment is remitted, the fine shall be collected as a judgment of debt in the common forms of law. The bill indemnifying the President and other public officers for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and for acts in pursuance thereof, was then taken up, and an interesting debate ensued, which continued till the adjournment.

On Thursday, 19th, in the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Morgan, the new Senator from New York, were presented. A communication from the Secretary of the Treasury, exhibiting the debit and credit account of the contrabands of the Sea Island cotton district, was received. It shows a balance of more than half a million dollars in favor of the Government. The bill providing for the discharge of State prisoners, and authorizing the President to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, was taken up. A motion to strike out the section of the bill authorizing a suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was rejected—yeas 13, nays 27. Senators Trumbull and Carlile offered substitutes for the bill, but no further action was taken on the subject. The Senate then went into executive session, and afterward adjourned.——In the House, the bill indemnifying the President and other persons for acts done under the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was referred to a conference committee. The Senate joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to adjust the equitable claims of contractors for naval supplies and regulating contracts with the Navy Department was adopted. The House passed the Senate's joint resolution expelling ex-Senator Badger from the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for his giving aid and comfort to the enemy, and appointing Professor Louis Agassiz to fill his place. At the evening session the National Currency bill was taken up, and Messrs. Spaulding and Fenton spoke in favor of its passage.

On Friday, 20th, in the Senate, the House bill providing a government for the Territory of Arizona was passed. The bill enabling the people of Nevada Territory to take preparatory steps for being admitted into the Union was reported back. Similar bills relative to Nebraska and Colorado were reported. The joint resolution directing the payment of troops in hospitals and convalescent camps within sixty days was adopted, and Committees of Conference on the Indemnity and Finance bills were ordered.——In the House, the bill to establish a uniform national currency was passed as it came from the Senate, by a vote of 78 against 74. The Senate Post-Office Reform bill was taken up, and several amendments adopted, among them one establishing a postal money-order system.

On Saturday, 21st, in the Senate, a memorial from citizens of New York, asking for the establishment of a submarine telegraph from Fortress Monroe to Galveston, was presented. Senator Powell offered a resolution that a committee of three be appointed to investigate the facts in reference to the arrest, imprisonment, and release of D. A. Mahony, J. A. Mullen, and Andrew J. Duff. Laid over. Senator Powell also gave notice that he should, at an early day, offer a resolution for a committee to investigate the conduct of General Gilbert in recently dispersing a convention in Kentucky. A resolution to print 10,000 extra copies of the Currency bill was referred. The bill for the discharge of State prisoners, and authorizing the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, was taken up, and an angry discussion ensued between Senators Wilson of Massachusetts and Powell of Kentucky. An executive session was held, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a Committee of Conference was asked of the Senate on the disagreeing amendments to the Finance bill. The Post-Office Reform bill was next considered; an amendment that all soldiers in camp or hospital shall receive and transmit letters free of postage was adopted, and the bill passed by a vote of 72 against 56. The Ways and Means Committee reported amendments to the Internal Tax bill. The Senate's amendments to the Post-Route bill were agreed to. The Senate bill to prevent correspondence with rebels was passed, also the Senate bill to punish bribery. The Senate bill authorizing the issue of letters of marque was then taken up and discussed till the adjournment.

On Monday, 23d, in the Senate, Senator Willey presented a resolution from the Constitutional Convention of West Virginia, accepting the constitution as amended by Congress, and also resolutions asking for an appropriation in compensation for the emancipation of slaves in West Virginia. Senator Collamer called up the resolution relative to the payment of foreign postage in coin, and offered a substitute authorizing the Postmaster-General to take such measures as he may deem necessary to provide for the payment in coin of the balances against the United States. The substitute was accepted and the resolution adopted. After disposing of several unimportant subjects, the bill relative to the discharge of State prisoners and authorizing the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* was taken up and passed by a vote of 24 against 13.——In the House, the report of the Committee on Elections, adverse to the claim of Mr. Jennings Piggott to represent the Second Congressional district of North Carolina, was accepted. The Naval Appropriation bill was taken up, and several Senate amendments not being concurred in, the bill was returned to that body. The consideration of the Senate bill enrolling and calling out the National militia was then resumed. Amendments were cut off by the ordering of the previous question, but an exciting and acrimonious discussion was kept up till after eleven o'clock at night.

On Tuesday, 24th, in the Senate, a conference committee was appointed on the Naval Appropriation bill. The Indian Appropriation bill was discussed and amended and laid aside. Ten thousand extra copies of the Currency bill were ordered to be printed. A bill was introduced authorizing the President, in certain cases, to take possession of steamboats and other vessels.——The House was engaged in discussing the bill providing for calling out and arming the militia of the nation. It was agreed that a vote should be taken on the bill on the following day. During the debate Mr. Stevens attacked General M'Clellan, and read a letter from General Scott accusing General M'Clellan of insubordination.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF VICKSBURG.

The mortar boats of the expedition against Vicksburg were towed into position on the 18th inst., and opened fire upon the city on that day. They were answered by the rebel batteries, three in number. The position of the gun-boats was found to be too much exposed to the fire of the enemy, and they accordingly withdrew to a safer place, from which they renewed the bombardment.

A COAL BARGE RUNS THE BLOCKADE.

A barge containing seven thousand bushels of coal followed the example of the ram *Queen of the West*, and ran the blockade at Vicksburg on the night of 14th, passing harmlessly through in the dark. The gun-boat *Conestoga* destroyed Bolivar Landing, a scattered village fifty miles above Memphis. The river is rapidly overflowing its banks on the Louisiana side to such an extent that the little town of De Soto, opposite Vicksburg, is now nearly under water, and it is thought that the whole peninsula will ere long be submerged. The *Queen of the West* has gone up Red River on the hunt for rebel boats supposed to be lying there.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

We have from rebel sources a report of the capture of the Union ram *Queen of the West*, whose gallant exploits in running the blockade at Vicksburg are already known to our readers. She is said to have been captured under Fort Taylor, at Gordon's Landing, on the Red River—the pilot, who was taken off the rebel steamer *Eva*, having treacherously run her within range of the guns while asserting that the fort was fifteen miles away. Her steampipe was knocked off, and she was otherwise so disabled that she drifted to the opposite shore, and all of the crew except thirteen escaped. The boat and the rest of the hands fell into the power of the rebels.

A SECESH MEETING DISPERSED IN KENTUCKY.

A crowd of secessionists in Frankfort, Kentucky, met last week in the theatre of that city for the ostensible purpose of nominating candidates for the August elections; but Colonel Gilbert, with a regiment of Union troops with bayonets fixed, made his appearance, took the chair himself, and dispersed the meeting by declaring that they should then and there prove by oath their loyalty to the Government, as he believed they were nothing but Democrats and secessionists. With the fear of fixed bayonets before their eyes, and remembering, no doubt, the story of Cromwell and the Rump Parliament in the good old times of free and merry England, the citizens of Frankfort wisely resolved to separate, and they did so.

THE SOUTH DON'T WANT FRENCH INTERFERENCE.

We find an interesting commentary upon the diplomatic correspondence of M. Drouyn de l'Huys and Mr. Seward in the Richmond papers. The plans of the French Minister for mediation and peace are pretty roughly handled; in fact, they are rather uncivilly declined. The Emperor himself is somewhat snubbed. The Southern Confederacy, we are told, needs no commissioners to settle the difficulty, either of French or any other suggestion; the commissioners already exist in the persons of Generals Lee, Beauregard, Longstreet, Jackson, and Joe Johnston.

BEAUREGARD PREPARING FOR THE WORST.

General Beauregard, as military commander of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, has issued a proclamation declaring it to be his solemn duty to announce to the citizens and authorities of Charleston and Savannah that an attack by the land and naval forces of the United States is about to be made upon either or both cities, and warning those who are not able to take up arms for their defense to retire to some place of safety. He urges, however, upon every one who can join in the struggle at "this hour of trial" to do so without regard to the kind of weapons they may have in their possession. Pikes and scythes, he says, will do for the destruction of their enemies, and spades and shovels for the protection of their firesides, altars, and the graves of their fathers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE British Parliament met in session on the 5th of February. The Queen's Speech contains very little of importance, excepting the following:

Her Majesty has abstained from taking any step with a view to make a cessation of the conflict between the contending parties of the North American States, because it has not yet seemed to her that any such overtures could be attended with a probability of success. Her Majesty has viewed with the deepest concern the desolating warfare which still rages in those regions, and she has witnessed with heart-felt grief the severe distress and suffering which that war has inflicted upon a large class of her Majesty's subjects, but which have been borne by them with great fortitude and exemplary resignation. It is some consolation to her Majesty to be led to hope that this suffering and this distress are diminishing rather than increasing, and that some renewal of employment is beginning to take place in the manufacturing districts.

PARLIAMENT.

During the debates on the address, in reply to the speech in both Houses, Lord Palmerston's course was generally sustained, although Earl Derby and Mr. Disraeli regretted that England had not made an effort in conjunction with France to induce an armistice. All parties agreed in opinion, however, that the attempt would fail. Earl Russell, in the House of Lords, however, expressed the opinion that the Union would never be restored. Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, agrees with him, and says he foresees that the future America will be one "of armies, and turbulence, and wars."

POLAND.

THE INSURRECTION.

The insurrection in Poland is spreading. The city of Wengrow has been taken by the Russians, after a sanguinary battle.

COCHIN CHINA.

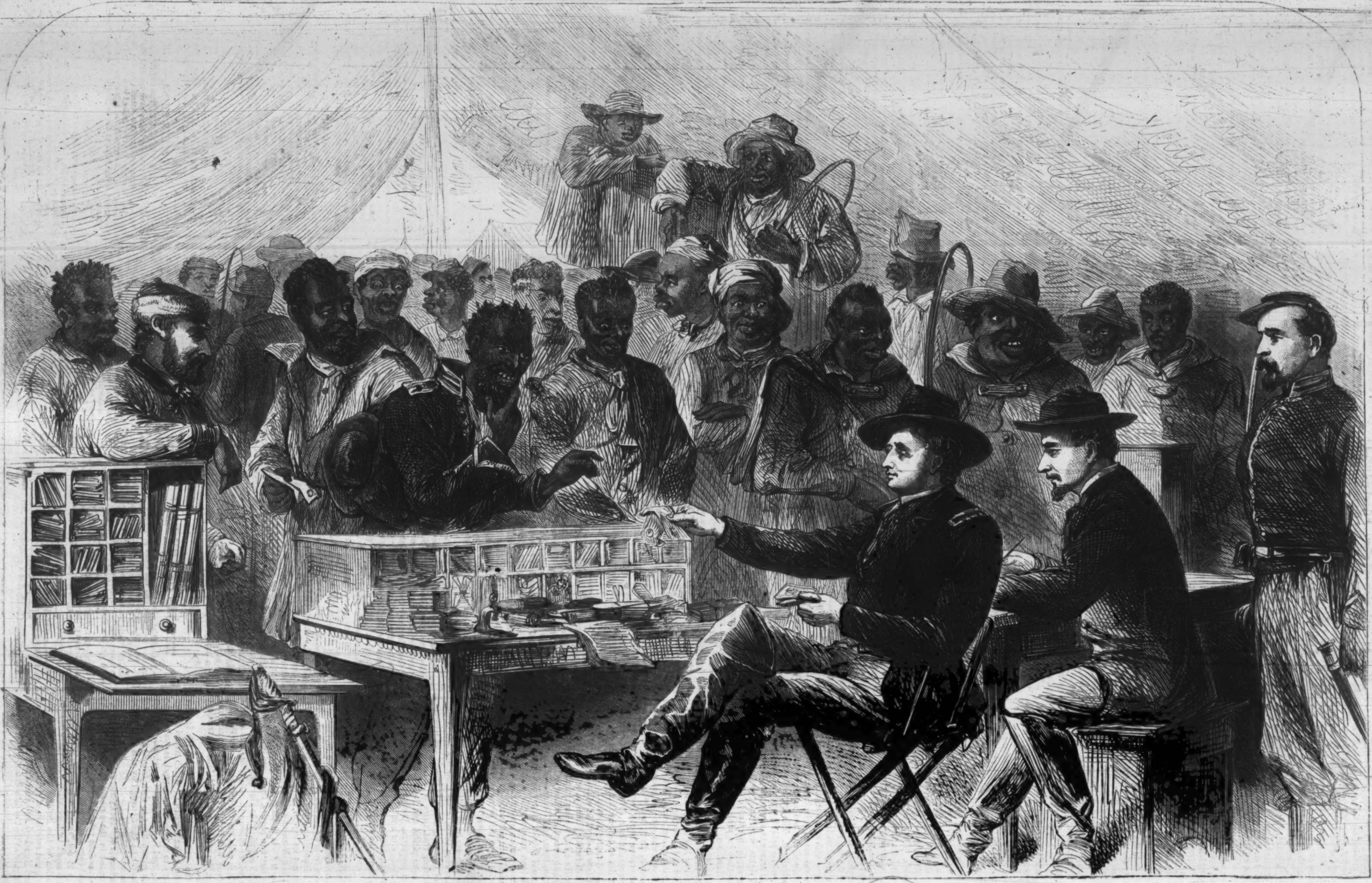
THE FRENCH IN TROUBLE.

The people of Cochin China have revolted against the French, and made desperate attacks on the Emperor's troops. The natives were repulsed with heavy loss. The Queen of Spain, it was said, had refused to send her troops back to Cochin China at the request of the Emperor Napoleon.

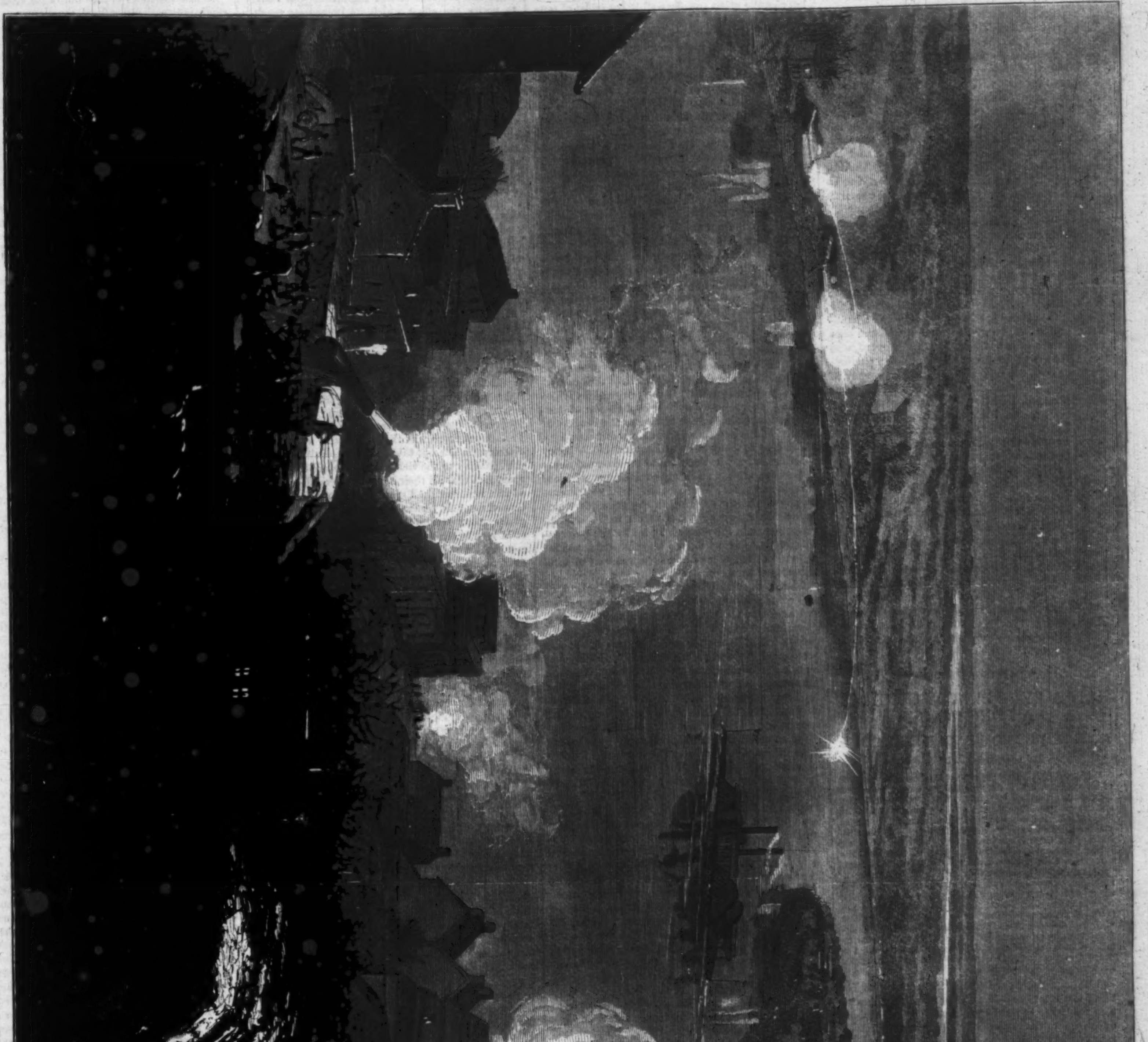
NASSAU.

ANOTHER PIRATE ENTERTAINED.

Captain Maffit, of the *Oreto*, waited on the Governor of Nassau at his official residence, and obtained permission to remain off Nassau for twenty-four hours, during which time he laid his ship alongside the English war-steamers *Galatea* and *Barracouta*. The *Oreto* was thought to be looking out for the American ship *Eliza Bonsall*, which had left Nassau the day before for Abaco to take away United States troops lately wrecked there. Her capture by the *Oreto* was considered as very probable.



PAYING OFF THE TEAMSTERS IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 150.]



THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "INDIANOLA" (IRON-CLAD) RUNNING THE BLOCKADE AT VICKSBURG.

PAYING THE TEAMSTERS.

ON page 148 we reproduce an illustration by Mr. Waud, representing THE PAYMENT OF THE NEGRO TEAMSTERS. Mr. Waud writes: "In the Army of the Potomac there are probably from 8000 to 10,000 negroes employed as teamsters. This is a business they are well fitted for, and of course it relieves an equal number of white men for other duties. A teamster's life is a very hard one, particularly at this season of the year. It does not matter how much it storms, or how deep the mud, subsistence must be hauled to the camps, and day and night, toiling along with tired horses and mules, the creaking wagons are kept busy carrying to and fro commissary, quarter-master, and ordnance stores, in addition to keeping the camps supplied with fire-wood. White teamsters have $25 a month. Colored men are paid $20, an increase of $10 a month on 'Contrabands pay' previous to the proclamation of emancipation.

"To a negro slave the ideal of social existence is to have their labor paid for as the white men do; consequently 'pay-day' has unusual charms for them. It is amusing to watch the effect of a handful of bills on the countenances of the colored ones as they receive their dues. Captain Howard, who is fond of a joke, would sometimes hand a particularly unsophisticated-looking darkey his money in large bills, tendering the next one a like amount in ones and half-dollar bills, thereby producing temporary but complete mystification in their souls. Some, like the old fellow represented in the sketch, would be so comically overcome by the joke of the whole performance that they hardly knew how to approach their funds, especially as they had been immensely overawed by the solemn ceremony of holding the end of the pen, while the clerk, Mr. Fury, wrote their names at the foot of the pay-roll.

"No band of nigger minstrels could hope to equal in comic effect a party of these fellows, with their wonderfully held together rags, their comic heads of wool, often encased in a turban, their black-snakes (technical for whips), and great variety of expression. Many of them are very wild, and need strict management to keep them in order. They appear, however, in most cases to realize the advantages of their new position, and do as well as can be expected."

HOW A FREE PEOPLE CONDUCT A LONG WAR.

A CHAPTER FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY CHARLES J. STILLÉ.

> "History, if it be not the merest toy, the idlest pastime of our vacant hours, is the record of the onward march of Humanity toward an end. Where there is no belief in such an end, and therefore no advance toward it, no stirrings of a Divine Word in a people's bosom, where not as yet the beast's heart has been taken away, and a man's heart given, there History can not be said to be. They belong not, therefore, to History, least of all to sacred History, those Babels, those cities of confusion, those huge pens, into which by force and fraud the early hunters of men, the Nimrods and the Sesostrises drave, and compelled their fellows: and Scripture is only most true to its idea while it passes them almost or wholly in silence by, while it lingers rather on the plains of Mamre with the man that 'believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness,' than by 'populous No' of great Babylon, where no faith existed but in the blind powers of nature, and the brute forces of the natural man."—TRENCH'S HULSEAN LECTURE, *The Unity of Scripture.*

WE have known hitherto in this country so little of the actual realities of war on a grand scale, that many are beginning to look upon the violent opposition to the Government, and the slowness of the progress of our arms, as signs of hopeless discouragement. History, however, shows us that these are the inevitable incidents of all wars waged by a free people. This might be abundantly illustrated by many remarkable events in English history, from the days of the great Rebellion down through the campaigns of the Prince of Orange, and of Marlborough, to the wars which grew out of the events of the French Revolution. War is always entered upon amidst a vast deal of popular enthusiasm, which is utterly unreasoning. It is the universal voice of history, that such enthusiasm is wholly unreliable in supporting the prolonged and manifold burdens which are inseparable from every war waged on an extensive scale, and for a long period. The popular idea of war is a speedy and decisive victory, and an immediate occupation of the enemy's capital, followed by a treaty of peace by which the objects of the war are permanently secured. Nothing is revealed to the excited passions of the multitude but dazzling visions of national glory, purchased by small privations, and the early and complete subjugation of their enemies. It is, therefore, not unnatural that at the first reverse they should yield at once to an unmanly depression, and, giving up all for lost, they should vent upon the Government for its conduct of the war, and upon the army and its generals for their failure to make their dreams of victory realities, an abuse as unreasoning as was their original enthusiasm.

Experience has taught the English people that the progress of a war never fulfills the popular expectations; that although victory may be assured at last to patient and untiring vigor and energy in its prosecution, yet during the continuance of a long war there can be no well-founded hope of a uniform and constant series of brilliant triumphs in the field, illustrating the profound wisdom of the policy of the Cabinet; that, on the contrary, all war, even that which is most successful in the end, consists rather in checkered fortunes, of alternations of victory and disaster, and that its conduct is generally marked by what were evidently, when viewed in the light of experience, blunders so glaring in the policy adopted by the Government, or in the strategy of its generals, that the wonder is success was achieved at all. The English have thus been taught that the true characteristic of public opinion, in its judgment of a war, should be, not hopefulness nor impatience of immediate results, but rather a stern endurance—that King-quality of heroic constancy which, rooted deep in a profound conviction of the justice of the cause, supports a lofty public spirit equally well in the midst of temporary disaster, and in the hour of assured triumph.

We have had no such experience here. Our people are perhaps more easily excited by success, and more readily depressed by reverses, than the English; and it is, therefore, worth while to consider how they carried on war on a grand scale and for a protracted period. It will be found, if we mistake not, that the denunciations of the Government, so common among us of late, and the complaints of the inactivity of the army, have their exact counterpart in the history of the progress of all the wars in which England has been engaged since the days of the great Rebellion. He who draws consolation from the lessons of the past, will not, we think, seek comfort in vain when he discovers that in all those wars in which the government and the army have been so bitterly assailed (except that of the American Revolution), England has at last been triumphant. It is worth while, then, to look into English history to understand how war is successfully carried on, notwithstanding the obstacles which, owing to a perverted public opinion, exist within the nation itself. These difficulties, although they inhere in the very nature of a free government, often prove, as we shall see, more fruitful of embarrassment to the favorable prosecution of a war than the active operations of the enemy.

We propose to illustrate the propositions which we have advanced by a study of the series of campaigns known in English history as the Peninsular War. We select this particular war because we think that in many of its events, and in the policy which sustained it, there are to be observed many important, almost startling parallelisms with our present struggle. We have, of course, no reference to any similarity existing in the principle which produced the two wars, but rather to the striking resemblance in the modes adopted by the two people for prosecuting war on a grand scale, and for the vindication of a principle regarded as of vital importance by them.

The Peninsular War on the part of England, as was contended by the Ministry during its progress, and as is now universally recognized, was a struggle not only to maintain her commercial supremacy (which was then, as it is now, her life), but also to protect her own soil from invasion by the French, by transferring the scene of conflict to distant Spain. The general purpose of assisting the alliance against Napoleon seems always to have been a subordinate motive. It is now admitted by all historians, that upon success in this war depended not only England's rank among nations but her very existence as an independent people. The war was carried on for more than five years, and on a scale, so far as the number of men and the extent of the military operations are concerned, until then wholly unattempted by England in her European wars. The result, as it need not be said, was not only to crown the British arms with the most brilliant and undying lustre, but also to retain permanently in their places the party whose only title to public favor was that they had carried on the war against the most serious obstacles, and brought it to a successful termination. Thus was delayed, it may be remarked, for at least twenty years, the adoption of those measures of reform which at last gave to England that place in modern civilization which had long before been reached by most of the nations of the Continent by passing through the trials of a bloody revolution. If we, then, in our dark hours, are inclined to doubt and despondency as to the final result, let us not forget the ordeal through which England successfully passed. We shall find that, in the commencement, there was the same wild and unreasoning enthusiasm with which we are familiar; the same bitter abuse and denunciation of the government at the first reverses; the same impatient and ignorant criticism of military operations; the same factious and disloyal opposition on the part of a powerful party; the same discouragement and despondency at times on the part of the true and loyal; the same prophecies of the utter hopelessness of success; the same complaints of grievous and burdensome taxation, and predictions of the utter financial ruin of the country; the same violent attacks upon the government for its arbitrary decrees, and particularly for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus;* the same difficulties arising from the inexperience of the army; and the same weakness on the part of the government in not boldly and energetically supporting the army in the field. These are some of the more striking parallelisms between the Peninsular War and our own struggle, which a slight sketch of the progress of that war will render very apparent.

The insurrection in Spain which followed immediately upon a knowledge of the intrigues of Napoleon at Bayonne, in April, 1807, by which the royal family was entrapped into an abdication of its right to the throne, and Joseph Bonaparte made king of that country, roused universal admiration and enthusiasm in England. It was thought by all parties that an obstacle to the further progress of Napoleon's schemes of the most formidable character had at last been found. It was the first popular insurrection in any country against Napoleon's power, and consequently, when the deputies from the Asturias reached England imploring succor, their appeals excited the popular feeling to the highest pitch, and the opposite parties in Parliament and the country vied with each other in demanding that England should aid the insurrection with the whole of her military power. It is curious to observe that, when the question of aid was brought before Parliament, Mr. Canning and Mr. Sheridan, who had probably never acted together before on any political question, rivaled each other in their praise of the Spaniards, and in their expressions of hope and belief that Napoleon had at last taken a step which would speedily prove fatal to him. Large supplies were voted by acclamation, and an important expedition, afterward operating in two columns, one under the command of Sir John Moore, the other under that of Sir Arthur Wellesley, was dispatched to the Peninsula to aid the insurgents. It is not our purpose to trace the progress of this expedition, but merely to notice the effect which its immediate results, the retreat to Corunna and the Convention of Cintra, produced upon popular feeling in England. As we look back on the history of that time the folly and madness which seized upon the popular mind when the terms of the Convention of Cintra became known can only be explained by recalling the high-wrought and extravagant expectations of immediate success with which the war had been entered upon. By this Convention, and as the result of a single battle, Portugal was wholly evacuated by the French; yet such were the unreasonable demands of public opinion that, because the whole French army had not been made prisoners of war, the Ministry was almost swept away by the outburst, and it could only control the storm by removing the two generals highest in rank. It required all the family and political influence of the third, Sir Arthur Wellesley, to enable him to retain his position in the army. The disastrous retreat of Sir John Moore's army to Corunna, and the easy triumphs of the French at that period throughout all Spain, plunged the English into despair. Going from one extreme to another, men who, only three months before, had quarreled with the army in Portugal because it had not given them the spectacle of a French marshal and twenty thousand of his soldiers as prisoners of war at Spithead, now spoke openly of the folly of any attempt at all on the part of England to resist the progress of the French arms in the Peninsula. In Parliament there was the usual lame apology for disaster, an attempt to shift the responsibility from the Ministry to the General in command; but the great fact that all their hopes had been disappointed still remained, and after the explanations of the Government the general despondency became more gloomy than ever. It is not difficult in the light of history to see where the blame of failure should rest. Any one who is disposed now to sneer and cavil at the shortcomings of our own Administration, to impute to it views short-sighted and impracticable in their policy, and to blame it for want of energy and vigor in the prosecution of the war, has only to turn to Colonel Napier's account of the stupid blunders of the English Government, its absurd and contradictory orders, its absolute ignorance not only of the elementary principles of all war, but of the very nature of the country in which the army was to operate, and of the resources of the enemy, to be convinced that, had its mode of carrying on hostilities (which was the popular one) been adopted, in six months not an English soldier would have remained in the Peninsula except as a prisoner of war. The history of this campaign contains important lessons for us; it shows conclusively that the immediate results of war are never equal to the public expectation, and that if this public expectation, defeated by the imbecility of the Government, or soured by disaster in the field, is to be the sole rule by which military operations are to be judged, no war for the defense of a principle can long be carried on.

Fortunately for the fame and the power of England, the Ministry, although ignorant of the true mode of prosecuting hostilities, had sense enough to perceive that their only true policy was perseverance. They were strong enough to resist the formidable opposition which the events we have referred to developed in Parliament and the country, and, undismayed by the experience of the past, concluded a treaty with the Provisional Government of Spain, by which they pledged England never to abandon the national cause until the French were driven across the Pyrenees. The army was placed upon a better footing, was largely reinforced, and Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to the chief command. The Government, not yet wholly awakened from its illusions, still thought it practicable to reach Madrid in a single campaign, and to that end the efforts of Wellington were directed. It became necessary first to dislodge Soult at Oporto, and the magnificent victory of the English, gained by the passage of the Douro at that point, went far to revive confidence at home in the invincibility of their army. Yet so clear is it that victory in war often depends upon what, for some better name, we may call mere good fortune, that we have the authority of the Duke of Wellington himself for saying, that this army, which had just exhibited such prodigies of valor, was then in such a state of demoralization that, although "excellent on parade, excellent to fight, it was worse than an enemy in a country, and liable to dissolution alike by success or defeat." Certainly no severer criticism has ever been justified by the inexperience and want of discipline of our own raw levies than that contained in this memorable declaration. A little reflection and candor might perhaps teach us, as it did the English, that nothing can compensate for the want of experience, and that every allowance is to be made for disasters where it is necessary to educate both officers and soldiers in the actual presence of the enemy. Wellington soon afterward moved toward the Spanish frontier, hoping by a junction with the army under Cuesta to fight a battle with the French which would open to him the road to the capital. The battle was fought at Talavera, and although it has since been claimed by the English as one of their proudest victories, and the name of TALAVERA is now inscribed upon the standards of the regiments who took part in it with those of Salamanca and Vittoria, yet the result was, in the end, that Wellington was obliged to retreat to Lisbon just three months after he had set out from that place, having left his wounded in the hands of the French, having escaped as if by a miracle from being wholly cut off in his retreat, and having lost one-third of his army in battle and by disease. Of course the blame was thrown upon the want of co-operation on the part of the Spaniards. This we have nothing to do with; it is the result of the campaign with which we are concerned. Dependence upon the Spaniards was certainly, as it turned out, a fault; but it was one of the fair chances of war, and it was a fault in which Wellington, made wise by experience, was never again detected.

When the news of the untoward result of this campaign reached England, the clamor against the Government and against Wellington was quite as violent as that excited by the disasters of Sir John Moore's army. The Opposition in Parliament took advantage of this feeling to rouse public opinion to such a manifestation as might compel the termination of the war in the Peninsula and drive the Ministry from office. The Common Council of London, probably a fair exponent of the opinions of the middle class, petitioned the King not to confirm the grant of £2000 a year which the Ministry had succeeded in getting Parliament to vote to Wellington. The petitioners ridiculed the idea that a battle attended with such results should be called a victory. "It should rather be called a *calamity,*" they said, "since we were obliged to seek safety in a precipitate flight, abandoning many thousands of our wounded countrymen into the hands of the French." In the opinion of the strategists in the Common Council and of their friends in Parliament, Wellington might be a brave officer, but he was no general; he had neglected the protection of his flanks and his line of communication. When it is remembered that at this very time, Wellington, profiting by the experience of the past, was diligently making his army really effective within the lines of Torres Vedras, from which strong-hold it was in due time to sally forth like a giant refreshed, never to rest until it had planted the English flag on the heights of Toulouse, we may perhaps smile at the presumption of those who, sincere well-wishers to the cause, displayed only their ignorance in their criticism. But what shall be said of those who, knowing better, being quite able to understand the wisdom of the policy adopted by the General to insure success in the stupendous enterprise in which the country was engaged, yet with a factious spirit and with the sole object of getting into power themselves, took advantage of the excitement of the ignorant multitude to paralyze the energies of the Government?

That hideous moral leprosy, which seems to be the sad but invariable attendant upon all political discussions in a free government, corrupting the very sources of public life, breeding only the base spirit of faction, had taken complete possession of the Opposition, and in its sordid calculations, *the dishonor of the country, or the danger of the army, was as nothing, provided the office, the power, and the patronage of the Government were secured in their hands.* It mattered little to them, provided they could drive the Ministry from office, whether its downfall was brought about by blunders in Spain, or by the King's obstinacy about Catholic Emancipation, or by an obscure quarrel about the influence of the Lords of the bedchamber. The sincerity of these declamations of the Opposition was curiously enough put to the test some time afterward, when the Ministry, wearied by the factious demagogism with which all their measures were assailed, and understanding perfectly their significance, boldly challenged their opponents, if they were in earnest, to make a definite motion in the House of Commons, that Portugal should be abandoned to its fate. This move completely unmasked their game, and for a time silenced the clamor, for it was perfectly understood on all hands, that deep in the popular heart, undisturbed by the storms which swept over its surface, there was a thorough and abiding conviction of the absolute necessity of resisting the progress of Napoleon's arms, and that the real safety of England herself required that that resistance should then be made in Spain. *Still this noisy clamor did immense mischief; it weakened the Government, it prolonged the strife, it alarmed the timid, it discouraged the true, and it so far imposed upon Napoleon himself, that thinking that in these angry invectives against the Government he found the real exponent of English sentiment, he concluded, not unnaturally, that the people were tired and disgusted with the war*, and that the privations which it occasioned were like a cancer, slowly but surely eating out the sources of national life.

In the midst of these violent tumults at home, Wellington was silently preparing for his great work within the lines of Torres Vedras. It would not be easy to overrate the difficulties by which he was surrounded. He was fully aware of the outcry which had been raised against him; he knew that from a Cabinet so weakened by internal dissensions as to be on the verge of overthrow from the vigorous assaults of the Opposition, and from its own unpopularity occasioned by the failure of the Walcheren expedition, and the disasters in the Peninsula, he could expect no thorough and reliable support. Indeed the Government, almost in despair, threw the whole responsibility for the military measures on the Continent on him alone. He accepted the responsibility in a most magnanimous spirit. He writes:

> "I conceive that the honor and the interests of the country require that we should hold our position here as long as possible, and please God, I will maintain it as long as I can. I will neither endeavor to shift from my own shoulders on those of the ministers the responsibility for the failure, by calling for means which I know they can not give, and which, perhaps, would not add materially to the facility of attaining our object; nor will I give to the ministers, who are not strong, and who must feel the delicacy of their own situation, an excuse for withdrawing the army from a position which, in my opinion, the honor and interest of the country require they should maintain as long as possible."

Animated by this heroic sense of duty, the Commander-in-Chief prepared to contend against the 200,000 men under Massena, whom Napoleon had sent to chase him into the sea. He had, to oppose this immense force, only 25,000 English soldiers, and about the same number of Portuguese tolerably organized. Secure within the lines of Torrès Vedras, he quietly waited until the want of provisions, and the utter hopelessness of an assault upon his position forced upon Massena the necessity of retreating. Then instantly pursuing, in a series of battles, of almost daily occurrence, he drove Massena out of Portugal, and reached once more the Spanish frontier in May, 1811, nearly three years after the English had sent an army to the assistance of the Peninsula. Here he rested for a long time, making preparations for the siege of

Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, operations requiring time, and the success of which was essential to the safety of the army in its further progress. Still, so little was Wellington's position, military and political, understood in England even at that time, after all the proofs he had given of consummate ability, that public clamor was again roused against the mode adopted by him for conducting the war. As there were no disasters at which to grumble, people talked of "barren victories," because like those of Creçy and Azincourt, they brought no territorial acquisitions, forgetting then what they have never been weary of boastingly proclaiming since, that these victories were the best proofs that their army was distinguished by the highest military qualities, which, properly directed and supported, were capable of achieving the most glorious results. So profound was the conviction of the immense superiority of the French, both in numbers and in the quality of their troops, that the public mind was in a state of feverish anxiety, and many of the stoutest hearts gave way to despair. About this period Sir Walter Scott writes to Mr. Ellis:

> "These cursed, double cursed news (from Spain) have sunk my spirits so much, that I am almost at disbelieving a Providence: God forgive me, but I think some evil demon has been permitted in the shape of this tyrannical monster, whom God has sent on the nations visited in his anger. The spring-tide may, for aught I know, break upon us in the next session of Parliament. There is an evil fate upon us in all we do at home or abroad."

So Sir James Mackintosh, writing to Gentz, at Vienna:

> "I believe, like you, in a resurrection, because I believe in the immortality of civilisation, but when, and by whom, and in what form, are questions which I have not the sagacity to answer, and on which it would be boldness to hazard a conjecture. A dark and stormy night, a black series of ages may be prepared for our posterity, before the dawn that opens the more perfect day. Who can tell how long that fearful night may be before the dawn of a brighter morrow? The race of man may reach the promised land; but there is no assurance that the present generation will not perish in the wilderness."

As if to render the situation more gloomy, if possible, the Marquis of Wellesley, the brother of Wellington, left the Ministry upon the avowed ground that the Government would not support the war with sufficient vigor. History has stripped his conduct of any such worthy motive, and shown that the real trouble was his anxiety to supplant Mr. Perceval. At the same time the attack was kept up in the opposite quarter. "No man in his senses," said Sir Francis Burdett, "could entertain a hope of the final success of our arms in the Peninsula. Our laurels were great, but barren, and our victories in their effects mere defeats." Mr. Whitbread, too, as usual, was not behindhand with his prophecies. "He saw no reason," he said, "to alter his views respecting peace; war must otherwise terminate in the subjugation of either of the contending powers. They were both great; but this was a country of factitious greatness. France was a country of natural greatness." So General Tarleton "had the doctrine of Mr. Fox in his favor, who wished for the pencil of a Cervantes to be able to ridicule those who desired to enter upon a Continental war."*

Thus, from universal enthusiasm in favor of the Spanish war, public opinion, at first manifesting itself through the factious spirit of the Opposition, at length spoke through all its organs, in tones of despondency and despair, of the situation and prospects of the country, and simply because there had not been that sort of military success which it could understand to sustain and direct it. Universal distrust seized upon the public mind; and had it not been for the heroic constancy of that great commander, whose task in supporting the Ministry at home was at least as difficult as that of beating the French in Spain, the glory of England had sunk forever.

Yet it happened, as it so often happens in the order of Divine Providence, in the moral as in the physical world, that the night was darkest just before dawn. Amidst all this universal despondency and sinister foreboding, events were preparing which in a few short months changed the whole face of Europe, and forced back that torrent of revolutionary success which had spread over the whole Continent, until it overwelmed the country where it had its source in complete ruin. The discussions in Parliament to which we have referred took place in February, 1812. With the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo on the 18th of January of that year, with the fall of Badajoz on the 26th of March, the first battle of Salamanca on the 20th of July, and Napoleon's invasion of Russia in June in the same year, began the downfall of the French Empire.

Wellington at last reached Madrid in August, 1812, more than four years later than he ought to have done, according to the strategists of Parliament and the Press. This was all forgotten at the moment, so magic a wand is held by success. The fickle voice of popular applause was again heard, echoing the spirit of confidence which his persistent and undaunted conduct had revived in the hearts of his countrymen. His career of victory, however, was destined not to be unchecked; and when, after his occupation of Madrid, his unsuccessful assault upon the Castle of Burgos rendered a retreat to the Portuguese frontier, and the evacuation of the capital, a proper military movement, although that retreat was compensated for by the abandonment of Andalusia by the French, in order to concentrate their whole force against him, still the blind multitude could not be made to understand it, and began again to murmur.

It is not now difficult to see that the victory at Salamanca was really what the far-seeing sagacity of Marshal Soult predicted at the time it would become, "a prodigious historical event;" that it was the pivot on which at that time hinged the destinies of England—one of those battles, of which we see perhaps a dozen only in the whole course of history, which are really decisive of the fate of empires. It completely unloosed the French power in the Peninsula, and prepared the way for the great success of Vittoria, the next year, which gave the *coup de grace* to the French military occupation of Spain. It is not our present purpose to trace the history of the next campaign, but it is curious to observe the effects produced by assured success upon that public opinion which had shifted so often and so strangely during the progress of this eventful struggle. The Opposition, as their only hope of escape from political annihilation, and thinking to swim with the popular current, abused the Ministers for not supporting Wellington with sufficient earnestness, complaining that they had taken the advice which they themselves had so often and so eloquently tendered. But it was of no avail. This wretched charlatanism was too transparent to impose upon any one; and *of the great party who opposed the war, no one ever after rose to office or power in England.* It required a whole generation, in the opinion of the English constituencies, to expiate the faults of those who had sneered at the great Duke, and had called the glorious fields of Vimeiro, Busaco, Talavera, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Badajoz, names which had become associated with the proudest recollections of English renown, "mere barren victories, equal in their effects to defeats."

We pass now to the consideration of another class of difficulties inherent in the prosecution of every war, and generally of far greater magnitude than any other—those connected with the raising of the vast sums of money required for the support of military operations. In this important matter, if we mistake not, there are some striking points of resemblance between the English experience during the war, and our present situation. It is the fashion among many who seek to excite the public alarm on this subject from unworthy, and sometimes, it may be feared, from treasonable motives, to represent the enormous outlay of the nation's wealth which is poured out to save the nation's life, as wholly unparalleled in history. Yet it may be asserted, without any fear of contradiction, that England, with a population then little more than half of that which now inhabits our loyal States, with resources infinitely less in proportion at that time than our own, her manufacturing industry, so far as external outlet was concerned, wholly crippled by the operation of the French Continental system, and her own Orders in Council, expended, during every year of the Peninsular war, as large a sum as has been required here each year to create and keep up the gigantic force now in arms to put down the Rebellion. During the five years that the war lasted her average annual expenditure exceeded ninety millions of pounds sterling, or four hundred and fifty millions of dollars, which is about the same sum which is demanded of us. No one, of course, pretends to say that this rate of expenditure is not appalling; yet it concerns us to know that it is not unprecedented, and that these vast amounts have been raised from national resources far inferior to our own. It should not be forgotten, also, that they represent the money price of England's independence; and if ours is secured by a far greater outlay, we certainly are not disposed to quarrel with the wisdom of the investment.

The question is, how were these immense sums raised in England? The man who would have predicted, at the commencement of the war with France, that the English national debt would at its close exceed one thousand millions of pounds sterling, and that the country would be able to bear such a burden, would have been regarded as a visionary as wild as he who in this country, two years ago, might have foretold the present amount of our national debt, and have contended that, in spite of it, the public credit would remain unimpaired. The difficulty in England of raising these vast sums was ten-fold greater than it is here. Napoleon, looking upon England as the Southern people have been taught to regard us, as a purely commercial nation, undoubtedly placed more reliance for ultimate success upon the instinct of money-getting, which would shrink from the pecuniary sacrifices necessary in a prolonged struggle, than upon the mere victories of his army. Hence he pursued, during his whole career, an inflexible purpose of ruining English commerce, and by a series of measures known as the Continental system, endeavored to exclude English ships and English products from the markets of the world. The effect of these measures, although not so serious as he wished and had anticipated, nevertheless crippled enormously the resources of England just at the period when they were most needed.

Taking the three years before the issuing of the Orders in Council and the vigorous enforcement of the Continental system, which were coincident in point of time with the commencement of the Spanish war, the average annual exports sank from fifty-seven millions to twenty-three millions, taking the average of three years after they had been in operation. Taxes were laid on at a most burdensome rate. The income tax was ten per cent., and besides, specific war taxes amounting to more than twenty millions a year were imposed. Notwithstanding all these taxes, the debt increased more than one thousand millions of dollars during the Peninsular War. Discontent and violence among the laboring classes became universal, and it was remarked that the achievement of the greatest victories in Spain was celebrated in England "amidst a population who had been prevented by the burden of taxation on the absolute necessaries of life, from securing a livelihood by the strictest industry, and thus pauperism had been generated throughout the land, a pauperism aggravated by a spirit of pillage, which it required a strong military force to repress." Bankruptcy and ruin fell upon the trading classes, and absolute exhaustion of the resources of the country seemed almost reached. The public stocks had sunk to such a degree that the three per cents., which are now always above 90 per cent., were rarely higher during the war than 65 per cent., and so depressed at last had the public credit become, that the last loan of the Continental war, that of April, 1815, was taken by the contractor at 53 per cent., and paid for in the depreciated paper of the day; and yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer was congratulated even by the Opposition for having made "a good operation." The Bank was in a state of chronic suspension, the buying and selling of gold were prohibited to the public under severe penalties, and yet every gold guinea which was sent by the Government to the army in Spain (and nothing else would answer the purpose of money in that country) cost thirty per cent. premium. How England survived all this complication of troubles is one of the marvels of history, but it is not our purpose to discuss that question. The great fact that the money required was somehow raised is all that we have to do with at present. When we have been at war for twenty years, and are forced, in order to raise the means of carrying it on, to submit to one tithe of the sacrifices which were endured by the English, we may then perhaps begin seriously to consider the money value of the Union.

The lesson which this review of the progress of the Peninsular War teaches, is, it seems to us, one of hope and encouragement; for if it shows any thing, it proves clearly that in the support of public opinion, and in the means requisite to maintain a great army, those fundamental essentials of real military success, our Government is immeasurably stronger than the English ever was at any period of the war. It teaches also another important lesson, and that is, that there is such a thing as public opinion falsely so called, which is noisy just in proportion as its real influence is narrow and restricted. One of the most difficult and delicate tasks of the statesman is to distinguish the true from this false opinion, the factious demagogue from the grumbling but sincere patriot, and to recognize with a ready instinct the voice which comes from the depths of the great heart of the people, in warning it may be sometimes, in encouragement often, but always echoing its abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of the good cause.

[After some remarks on military efficiency, Mr. Stillé goes on to say:]

Much inconvenience has necessarily resulted in our case from the ignorance of Regimental Officers, to a greater degree probably, however, from a want of proper care and attention on their part to the troops when in camp, than from any gross incompetency or misconduct on the field of battle. Instances of such misconduct there have undoubtedly been, but, considering the number of the officers and their want of experience, those instances are extremely rare, and when we call to mind the number of officers who have fallen, while leading their men in battle, out of proportion, as it undoubtedly is, with the losses in other wars, we may well palliate deficiencies in this respect, out of considerations for their heroic gallantry and devotion. We do not underrate, certainly, the value of good officers; but history tells us that great victories have been achieved by armies who were no better led than ours. The incompetency of his officers was one of Wellington's standing complaints in Spain. Most of them knew absolutely nothing beyond the mere routine of garrison duty; they were all what is technically called "gentlemen," for each one had purchased his commission at a high price, but they had had no systematic training in military schools; nearly all of them had had no actual experience of war, and their average intelligence was undoubtedly below that of the men who hold similar positions in our army.* All accounts agree that at that period the scientific branches of the great art of war were almost wholly neglected in the British army, and such was the happy ignorance of the elements of strategy, that at a court-martial composed of general officers for the trial of General Whitelock, in 1808, for his failure at Buenos Ayres, it was necessary to explain to the court what was meant in military phrase by the "right bank" of a river.

[We omit here some remarks on the superior morale of our soldiers to the rank and file of foreign armies.]

One of the most cruel statements which party rancor has circulated in regard to the condition of the army is, that the rate of sickness and mortality is excessive, and that this is due to the neglect of the Government. Fortunately we have the means of showing that these statements are false. From June 1, 1861, to March 1, 1862—nine months—the annual rate of mortality for the whole army is ascertained to be 53 in a thousand, and the sickness rate 104 in a thousand. The returns for the summer campaigns are not yet printed, but it will appear from them, that in the army of the Potomac on the 10th of June, after the battle of Fairoaks, and while the army was encamped on the Chickahominy, the whole number of sick, present and absent, compared with the whole force of that army present and absent, was 128 in a thousand. During the stay of the army on the Peninsula it lost less than 14,000 men by death from disease and wounds, and the annual sickness rate during the campaign was about that which has for some time prevailed in the whole army, less than ten per cent. of the whole force. It appears, strange to say, that the army was more healthy when in the trenches before Yorktown than at any other period of the campaign. Compare this with the English experience. We have already said that Wellington lost about one-third of his whole army from malarious fever on his retreat from Talavera: on the 1st of October, 1811, the Anglo-Portuguese army had 56,000 men fit for duty, and 28,000 sick in hospitals; and in the Crimea, while the annual rate of mortality for the whole war was 232 in a thousand, the period of active operations, the last three months of 1854 and the first three months of 1855, shows the fearful rate of 711 deaths in every thousand men.

It can not be doubted that to many the most unfavorable symptom of our present condition is the slow progress of our arms. This slowness is more apparent than real, for the history of modern warfare scarcely shows an instance in which so great real progress has been made in the same space of time, and it is manifest that whenever our Northern soldiers have had a chance of fighting the enemy on any thing like equal terms, they have fully maintained their superiority.

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There is a good deal of talk about the impossibility of conquering or subjugating the South, which is based upon very vague notions of what conquest and subjugation signify. It is surprising to find how even intelligent men have been imposed upon by this favorite boast of the rebels and their sympathizers. A pretended saying of Napoleon is quoted, that "it is impossible to prevent any people determined on achieving its independence from accomplishing its purpose; and it is confidently asked whether any one ever heard of the subjugation of twelve millions of people determined to be free. We reply that history, ancient and modern, is full of instances of the only sort of conquest or subjugation which any sane man proposes shall be submitted to by the South. No one thinks it possible or necessary, for the purpose in view, to occupy the whole South with garrisons, but simply to destroy the only support upon which its arrogant pretensions are based, namely, its military power. This gone, what becomes of all the rest? and this remaining, where is there any hope of permanent peace and safety to us? For what is all war but an appeal to force to settle questions of national interest which peaceful discussion has failed to settle? and what is an army but only another argument, the *ultima ratio*, which, if successful in decisive battles, must give the law to the conquered? To say nothing of instances in ancient history, Poland, Hungary, and Lombardy, in our day, were just as determined to be free as the South is, and quite as full of martial ardor; and certainly Prussia, Spain under the Bonaparte dynasty, and the French Empire, are all examples of nations which valued their independence, and had ten-fold the resources for maintaining it which the South possesses; yet the capture of Warsaw, the surrender of Villages, the battles of Novara, of Jena, of Salamanca, and of Waterloo, respectively, settled as definitively the fate of the inhabitants of these countries, and their future condition, as if the terms imposed by the conquering army had been freely and unanimously agreed upon by the representatives of the people in Congress assembled. And, in like manner, can any one doubt, looking at the present comparative resources of the two sections, that if we should gain two decisive battles, one in the East and the other in the West, which should result in the total disorganization of the two rebel armies, and thus enable us to interpose an impassable barrier between them, we should soon hear a voice imploring in unmistakable accents peace on our own terms? It would not be a matter of choice, but of necessity; a simple question of how far the progress of exhaustion had been carried, and that once settled, and no reasonable hope of success remaining, the war would not last a week longer. This is the experience of all nations, and our Southern rebels, notwithstanding their noisy boasting, do not differ in their capacity of resistance from the rest of mankind. "Hard pounding this, gentlemen," said the Duke of Wellington to his officers, as he threw himself within one of the unbroken squares of his heroic infantry at Waterloo, "*but we'll see who can pound the longest;*" and the ability of that infantry to "pound the longest" on that day settled the fate of Europe for generations.

Let us bend, then, our united energies to secure, as much as in us lies, success in the field, and that success gained, we may be sure that all things will follow. Let us recognize with confidence as co-workers in this great object all, never mind what opinions they may entertain about the causes of the war and the new issues which its progress has developed, who desire in all sincerity, no matter from what motive, the success of our arms. Upon such a basis, the wider and more catholic our faith becomes the better. "In essentials, Unity; in non-essentials, Liberty; in all things, Charity;" this should be our motto. The only possible hope for the South is in our own divisions. Let us remember that with success all things are possible; without it, all our hopes and theories vanish into thin air. With success in the field we should not only disarm the rebellion, and rid ourselves forever of the pestilent tribe of domestic traitors by burying them deep in that political oblivion which covers the Tories of the Revolution, and those who sneered at the gallant exploits of our Navy in the war of 1812, but also force public opinion abroad, whose faithlessness to the great principles which underlie all modern civilization has been one of the saddest developments of this sad war, to exclaim at last, "*Invidiam gloriâ superâsti.*"

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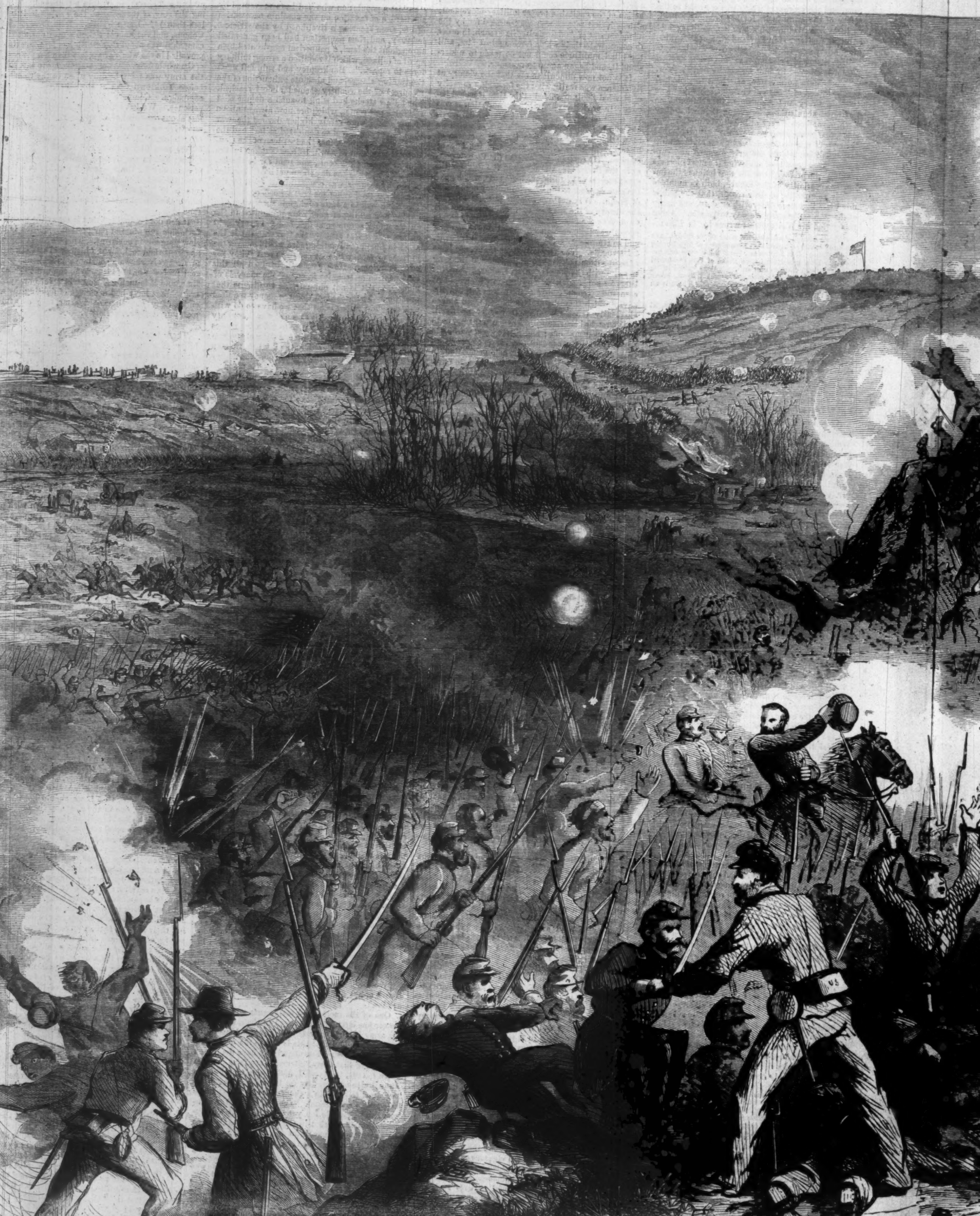
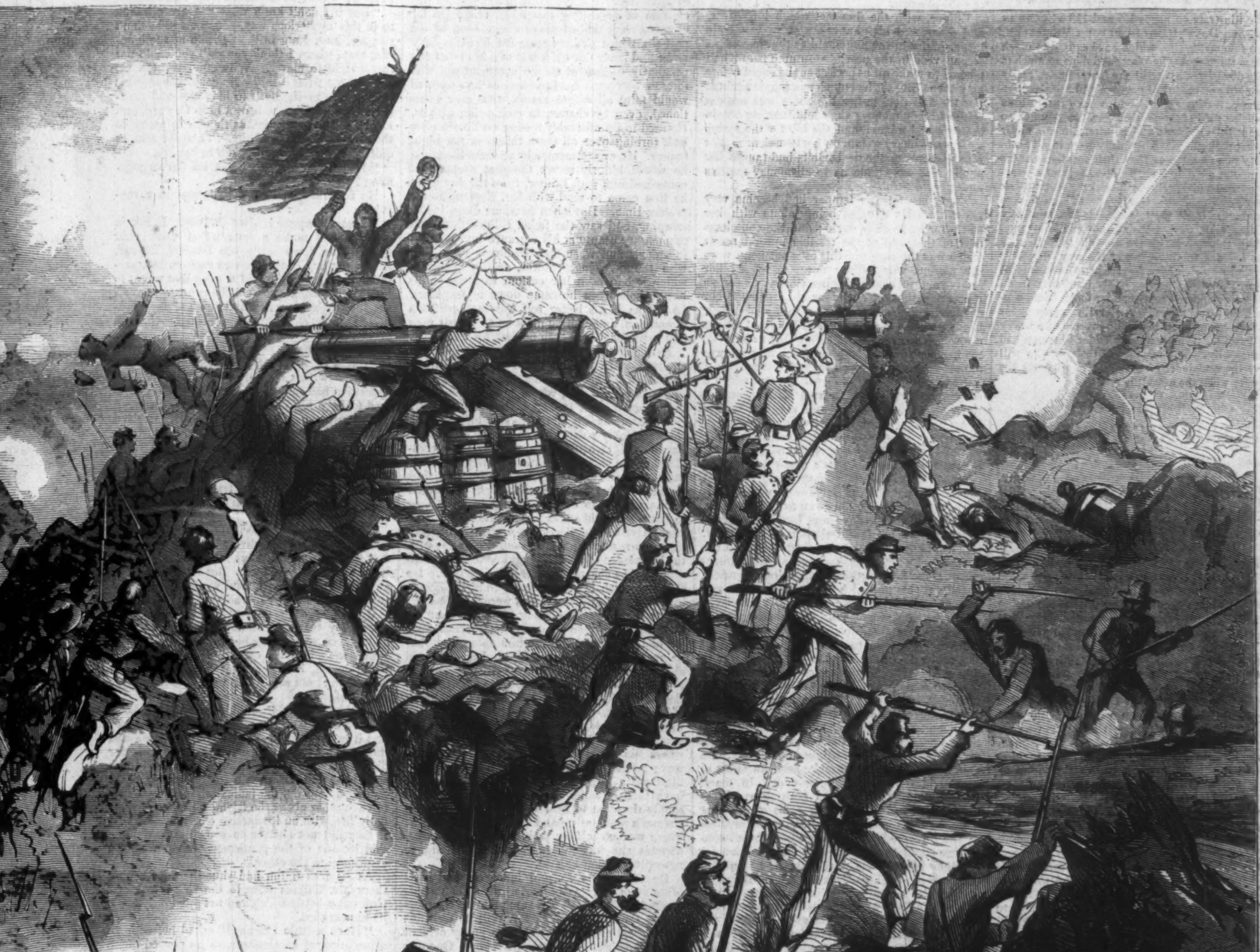
* The following description of the Opposition of that day, taken from the *Annual Register* for 1812, bears so striking a likeness to the peculiarities of the leaders of an insignificant but restless faction among us, that, omitting the old-fashioned drapery of the proper names, they seem to have sat for the photograph. "It may be remarked as a most singular circumstance, that those persons in this country who profess to have the greatest abhorrence of ministerial tyranny and oppression, look with the utmost coolness on the tyranny and oppression of Bonaparte. The regular Opposition do not mention it with that abhorrence which might be expected from them; but the leaders of the popular party in Parliament go further. They are almost always ready to find an excuse for the conduct of Bonaparte. The most violent and unjustifiable acts of his tyranny raise but feeble indignation in their minds, while the most trifling act of ministerial oppression is inveighed against with the utmost bitterness. Ready and unsuspecting credence is given to every account of Bonaparte's success; while the accounts of the success of his opponents are received with coldness and distrust. Were it not for these things, the conduct of Mr. Whitbread and his friends would be hailed with more satisfaction, and inspire more confidence with the real lovers of their country: for they deserve ample credit for the undaunted and unwearied firmness with which they have set themselves against abuses and against every instance of oppression."

* We have no room to enumerate in detail the complaints made by the Duke of the officers of his army. Those who are interested in the subject may consult Colonel Gurwood's 4th volume, pages 343, 346, 352, 363, 385, 399, and 467. The whole story is summed up, however, in the general order occasioned by the disorderly retreat from Burgos, in which the Duke said "that discipline had deteriorated during the campaign in a greater degree than he had ever witnessed, or ever read of in any army, and this, without any disaster, or any unusual privation or hardship; that the officers had from the first lost all command over their men, and that the true cause of this unhappy state of affairs was to be found *in the habitual neglect of duty by the Regimental Officers.*" This is the army of which the Duke said later, that "with it he could go any where and do any thing," and, good or bad, it saved Europe—in the English sense.



A SCENE IN ONE OF THE BATTLES BEFORE



EFORE VICKSBURG.—[See Page 154.]

THE BATTLE OF VICKSBURG.

We illustrate on pages 152 and 153 a Scene in the Four Days' Battles before Vicksburg. These famous battles, which have caused so much distress throughout the West, and done so much to create dissatisfaction with the Government, really developed an amount of courage and self-devotion on the part of our troops which have rarely been paralleled during the present war. Rarely has an attempt been made to storm intrenchments under so great difficulties. The enemy were in all probability more numerous than their assailants under Sherman, and they had the advantage of a superior position, elaborate earth-works, and countless batteries of cannon. Our brave fellows had to scramble up bluffs under a terrible fire, positively working their way on their hands and knees, and pulling themselves up the smooth heights with their nails. At every step of the way they were shot down by concealed foes: when the decimated remnant reached the crest of the bluff they found themselves opposed to a superior force, fresh, confident, and well armed. A storming party under similar circumstances is usually covered by a heavy artillery fire. The assailants under Sherman had no such ally. The memory of their repulse will nerve the remainder of the army to wipe out the disgrace when the assault is renewed.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

The wedding went by, as grand weddings do, without let or hindrance, according to the approved pattern. A cabinet minister honored it with his presence, and, being a distant relation of the Morants, remained for a few days after the grand occasion. During this time he became rather intimate with Ralph Corbet; many of their tastes were in common. Ralph took a great interest in the manner of working out political questions; in the balance and state of parties; and had precisely the right appreciation of the exact qualities on which the minister piqued himself. In return, the latter was always on the look-out for promising young men, who, either by their capability of speech-making or article-writing, might advance the views of his party; and recognizing the powers he most valued in Ralph, he spared no pains to attach him to his own political set. When they separated it was with the full understanding that they were to see a good deal of each other in London.

The holiday Ralph allowed himself was passing rapidly away; but before he returned to his chambers and his hard work he had promised to spend a few more days with Ellinor; and it suited him to go straight from the duke's to Ford Bank. He left the castle soon after breakfast—the luxurious, elegant breakfast, served by domestics who performed their work with the accuracy and perfection of machines. He arrived at Ford Bank before the man-servant had quite done the dirtier part of his morning's work, and he came to the glass-door in his striped cotton jacket, a little soiled, and rolling up his working apron. Ellinor was not yet quite strong enough to get up and go out and gather flowers for the rooms, so those left from yesterday were rather faded; in short, the contrast from entire completeness and exquisite freshness of arrangement struck forcibly upon Ralph's perceptions, which were always critical rather than appreciative; and as his affections were always subdued to his intellect, Ellinor's lovely face and graceful figure flying to meet him did not meet with his full approval, because her hair was dressed in an old-fashioned way, and her waist was either too long or too short, her sleeves too full or too tight for the standard of fashion to which his eye had been accustomed while scanning the bride-maids and various high-born ladies at Stokely Castle.

But as he had always piqued himself upon being able to put on one side all superficial worldliness in his chase after power, it did not do for him to shrink from facing and seeing the incompleteness of moderate means. Only marriage upon moderate means was gradually becoming more distasteful to him.

Nor did his intercourse with Lord Bolton, the cabinet minister before-mentioned, tend to reconcile him to early matrimony. At Lord Bolton's house he met polished and intellectual society, and all that smoothness in ministering to the lower wants in eating and drinking which seems to provide that the right thing shall always be at the right place at the right time, so that the want of it shall never impede for an instant the feast of wit or reason; while, if he went to the houses of his friends—men of the same college and standing as himself, who had been seduced into early marriages—he was uncomfortably aware of numerous inconsistencies and hitches in their ménages. Besides, the idea of the possible disgrace that might befall the family with whom he thought of allying himself haunted him with the tenacity and also with the exaggeration of a night-mare whenever he had overworked himself in his search after available and profitable knowledge, or had a fit of indigestion after the exquisite dinners he was learning so well to appreciate.

Christmas was, of course, to be devoted to his own family; it was an unavoidable necessity, as he told Ellinor; while, if the truth must be told, he was learning to find absence from his betrothed something of a relief. But the wranglings and folly of his home, even blessed by the presence of a Lady Maria, made him look forward to Easter at Ford Bank with something of the old pleasure.

Ellinor, with the fine tact which love gives, had discovered his annoyance at various little incongruities in the household at the time of his second visit in the previous autumn; and had labored to make all as perfect as she could before his return. But she had much to struggle against. For the first time in her life there was a great want of ready money; she could scarcely obtain the servants' wages; and the bill for the spring seeds was a heavy weight on her conscience. For Miss Monro's methodical habits had taught her pupil great exactitude as to all money matters under her control.

Then, her father's temper had become very uncertain. He avoided being alone with her whenever he possibly could; and the consciousness of this, and of the terrible mutual secret which was the cause of this estrangement, were the reasons why Ellinor never recovered her pretty youthful bloom after her illness. Of course it was to it that the outside world attributed her changed appearance. They would shake their heads, and say, "Ah, poor Miss Wilkins! What a lovely creature she was before that fever! To see her now, one would never think that she was almost a beauty only twelve months ago!"

But youth is youth, and will assert itself in a certain elasticity of body and spirits; and at times Ellinor forgot that fearful night for several hours together. And even when her father's averted eye brought it all once more before her she had learned to form excuses and palliations, and to regard Mr. Dunster's death as only the consequence of an unfortunate accident. But she tried to put the miserable remembrance entirely out of her mind; to go on from day to day, thinking only of the day; and how to arrange it so as to cause the least irritation to her father. She would so gladly have spoken to him on the one subject which overshadowed all their intercourse; she fancied that by speaking she might have been able to banish the phantom, or at any rate to reduce its terror to what she believed to be the due proportion. But her father was evidently determined to show that he was never more to be spoken to on that subject; and all she could do in her helpless perplexity was to follow his lead on the rare occasions that they fell into something like the old confidential intercourse. As yet, to her, he had never given way to anger; but before her he had often spoken in a manner which both pained and terrified her. Sometimes his eye in the midst of his passion caught on her face of affright and dismay, and then he would stop, and make such an effort to control himself as sometimes ended in tears. Ellinor did not understand both these phases were owing to his increasing habit of drinking more than was good for him. She set them down as the direct effects of a sorely-burdened conscience; and strove more and more to plan for his daily life at home, how it should go on with oiled wheels, neither a jerk nor a jar. It was no wonder she looked wistful, and care-worn, and old, with all she had shut up in her poor weary heart. Miss Monro was her great comfort; the total unconsciousness on that lady's part of any thing below the surface; and yet her full and delicate recognition of all the little daily cares and trials made her sympathy most valuable to Ellinor, while there was no need to fear that it would ever even give Miss Monro that power of seeing into the heart of things which it frequently confers upon imaginative people, who are deeply attached to some one in care or sorrow.

There was a strong bond between Ellinor and Dixon, although they scarcely ever exchanged a word but on the most commonplace subjects; but their silence was based on different feelings from that which separated Ellinor from her father. Ellinor and Dixon could not speak freely, because their hearts were full of pity for the faulty man whom they both loved so well, and tried so hard to respect.

This was the state of the household to which Ralph Corbet came down at Easter. He might have been known in London as a brilliant diner-out by this time; but he could not afford to throw his life away in fire-works; he calculated his forces, and condensed their power as much as might be, only visiting where he was likely to meet men who could help him in his future career. He had been invited to spend the Easter vacation at a certain country-house which would be full of such human stepping-stones; and he declined it to keep his word to Ellinor and go to Ford Bank. But he could not help looking upon himself a little in the light of a martyr to duty; and perhaps this view of his own merits made him chafe under his future father-in-law's irritability of manner, which now showed itself even to him. He found himself distinctly regretting that he had suffered himself to be engaged so early in life; and having become conscious of the temptation, and not having repelled it at once, of course it returned and returned, and gradually obtained the mastery over him. What was to be gained by keeping to his engagement to Ellinor? He should have a delicate wife to look after, and even more than the common additional expenses of married life. He should have a father-in-law whose character at best had had only a local and provincial respectability, which it was now daily losing by habits which were both sensual and vulgarizing: a man, too, who was strangely changing from joyous geniality into moody surliness. Besides, he doubted if, in the evident change in the prosperity of the family, the fortune to be paid down on the occasion of his marriage to Ellinor could be forthcoming. And above all, and around all, there hovered the shadow of some unrevealed disgrace, which might come to light at any time and involve him in it. He thought he had pretty well ascertained the nature of this possible shame, and had little doubt but that it would turn out to be that Dunster's disappearance to America or elsewhere had been an arranged plan with Mr. Wilkins. Although Mr. Ralph Corbet was capable of suspecting this mean crime (so far removed from the impulsive commission of the past sin, which was dragging Mr. Wilkins daily lower and lower down), it was of a kind that was peculiarly distasteful to the acute lawyer, who foresaw how such base conduct as he suspected would taint all whose names were ever mentioned, even by chance, in connection with it. He used to lie miserably tossing on his sleepless bed, turning over all these things in the night season. He was tormented by all these thoughts; he would bitterly regret the past events that connected him with Ellinor, from the day when he first came to read with Mr. Ness up to the present time. But when he came down in the morning, and saw the faded Ellinor flash into momentary beauty at his entrance into the dining-room, and when she blushingly drew near with the one single flower, freshly gathered, which it had been her custom to place in his button-hole when he came down to breakfast, he felt as if his better self was stronger than temptation, and as if he must be an honest man and honorable lover even against his wish.

As the day wore on the temptation gathered strength. Mr. Wilkins came down, and while he was on the scene Ellinor seemed always engrossed by her father, who apparently cared little enough for all her attentions. Then there was a complaining of the food, which did not suit the sickly palate of a man who had drank hard the night before; and possibly these complaints were extended to the servants, and their incompleteness or incapacity was brought thus prominently before the eyes of Ralph, who would have preferred to eat a dry crust in silence, or to have gone without breakfast altogether, if he could have had intellectual conversation of some high order, to having the greatest dainties with the knowledge of the care required in their preparation thus coarsely discussed before him. By the time such breakfasts were finished Ellinor looked thirty, and her spirits were gone for the day. It had become difficult for him to contract his mind to her small domestic interests, and she had little else to talk to him about, now that he responded but curtly to all her questions about himself, and was weary of professing a love which he was ceasing to feel in all the passionate nothings which usually make up so much of lovers' talk. The books she had been reading were old classics, whose place in literature no longer admitted of keen discussion; the poor whom she cared for were all very well in their way; and if they could have been brought in to illustrate a theory, hearing about them might have been of some use; but, as it was, it was simply tiresome to hear day after day of Betty Palmer's rheumatism and Mrs. Day's baby's fits. There was no talking politics with her forever, because she was so ignorant that she always agreed with what he said.

He even grew to find luncheon and Miss Monro not unpleasant varieties to his monotonous *têtes-à-tête*. Then came the walk, generally to the town to fetch Mr. Wilkins from his office; and once or twice it was pretty evident how he had been employing his hours. One day in particular his walk was so unsteady and his speech so thick that Ralph could only wonder how it was that Ellinor did not perceive the cause; but she was too openly anxious about the headache of which her father complained to have been at all aware of the previous self-indulgence which must have brought it on. This very afternoon, as ill-luck would have it, the Duke of Hinton and a gentleman whom Ralph had met in town at Lord Bolton's rode by and recognized him; saw Ralph supporting a tipsy man with such quiet friendly interest as must show all passers-by that they were previous friends. Mr. Corbet chafed and fumed inwardly all the way home after this unfortunate occurrence; he was in a thoroughly evil temper before they reached Ford Bank, but he had too much self-command to let this be very apparent. He turned into the shrubbery paths, leaving Ellinor to take her father into the quietness of his own room, there to lie down and shake off his headache.

Ralph walked along, ruminating in gloomy mood as to what was to be done; how he could best extricate himself from the miserable relation in which he had placed himself by giving way to impulse. Almost before he was aware, a little hand stole within his folded arms, and Ellinor's sweet sad eyes looked into his.

"I have put papa down for an hour's rest before dinner," said she. "His head seems to ache terribly."

Ralph was silent and unsympathizing, trying to nerve himself up to be disagreeable, but finding it difficult in face of such sweet trust. At length he began:

"Do you remember our conversation last autumn, Ellinor?"

Her head sunk. They were near a garden seat, and she quietly sat down without speaking.

"About some disgrace which you then fancied hung over you?" No answer. "Does it still hang over you?"

"Yes!" she whispered, with a heavy sigh.

"And your father knows of this, of course? Does he?"

"Yes!" again in the same tone; and then silence.

"I think it is doing him harm," at length Ralph went on, decidedly.

"I am afraid it is," she said, in a low tone.

"I wish you would tell me what it is," he said, a little impatiently. "I might be able to help you about it."

"No! you could not," replied Ellinor. "I was sorry to my very heart to tell you what I did; I did not tell you because I wanted help; all that is past. But I wanted to know if you thought that a person situated as I was was justified in marrying any one ignorant of what might happen; what I do hope and trust never will."

"But if I don't know what you are alluding to in this mysterious way, you must see—don't you see, love, I am in the position of the ignorant man, whom I think you said you could not feel it right to marry. Why don't you tell me straight out what it is?" He could not help his irritation betraying itself in his tones and manner of speaking. She bent a little forward, and looked full into his face, as though to pierce to the very heart's truth of him. Then she said, as quietly as she ever had spoken in her life,

"Ralph, you wish to break off our engagement?"

He reddened, and grew indignant in a moment.

"What nonsense! Just because I ask a question and make a remark! I think your illness must have made you fanciful, Ellinor. Surely nothing I said deserves such an interpretation. Have I ever said a word that ought to lead you to think so? On the contrary, have I not shown the sincerity and depth of my affection to you by clinging to you through—through every thing?"

He was going to say "through the wearying opposition of my family:" but he stopped short, for he knew that the very fact of his mother's opposition had only made him the more determined to have his own way in the first instance; and even now he did not intend to let out what he had concealed up to this time, that his friends all regretted his imprudent engagement.

Ellinor sat silently gazing out upon the meadows, but seeing nothing. Then she put her hand into his. "I quite trust you, Ralph. I was wrong to doubt. I am afraid I have grown fanciful and silly."

He was rather put to it for the right words, for she had precisely divined the dim thought that had overshadowed his mind when she had looked so intently at him. But he caressed her, and reassured her with fond words, as incoherent as lovers' words generally are.

By-and-by they sauntered homeward, and when they reached the house Ellinor left him and flew up to see how her father was. When Ralph went into his own room he was vexed with himself, both for what he had said and what he had not said. His mental look-out was not satisfactory.

Neither he nor Mr. Wilkins were in good-humor with the world in general at dinner-time, and it needs little in such cases to condense and turn the lowering tempers into one particular direction. As long as Ellinor and Miss Monro staid in the dining-room a sort of moody peace had been kept up, the ladies talking incessantly to each other about the trivial nothings of their daily life, with an instinctive consciousness that if they did not chatter on something would be said by one of the gentlemen which would be distasteful to the other.

As soon as Ralph had shut the door behind them Mr. Wilkins went to the side-board, and took out a bottle which had not previously made its appearance.

"Have a little Cognac?" asked he, with an assumption of carelessness, as he poured out a wine-glassful. "It's a capital thing for the headache; and this nasty lowering weather has given me a racking headache all day."

"I am sorry for it," said Ralph, "for I had wanted particularly to speak to you about business—about my marriage, in fact."

"Well! speak away, I'm as clear-headed as any man, if that's what you mean!"

Ralph bowed, a little contemptuously.

"What I wanted to say was, that I am anxious to have all things arranged for my marriage in August. Ellinor is so much better now; in fact, so strong that I think we may reckon upon her standing the change to a London life pretty well."

Mr. Wilkins stared at him rather blankly, but did not immediately speak.

"Of course I may have the deeds drawn up in which, as by previous arrangement, you advance a certain portion of Ellinor's fortune for the purposes therein to be assigned; as we settled last year, when I hoped to have been married in August?"

A thought flitted through Mr. Wilkins's confused brain that he should find it impossible to produce the thousands required without having recourse to the money-lenders, who were already making difficulties, and charging him usurious interest for the advances they had lately made; and he unwisely tried to obtain a diminution in the sum he had originally proposed to give Ellinor. "Unwisely," because he might have read Ralph's character better than to suppose he would easily consent to any diminution without good and sufficient reason being given, or without some promise of compensating advantages in the future for the present sacrifice asked from him. But pearhps Mr. Wilkins, dulled as he was by wine, thought he could allege a good and sufficient reason, for he said:

"You must not be hard upon me, Ralph. That promise was made before—before I exactly knew the state of my affairs."

"Before Dunster's disappearance, in fact," said Mr. Corbet, fixing his steady penetrating eyes on Mr. Wilkins's countenance.

"Yes—exactly—before Dunster's—" mumbled out Mr. Wilkins, red and confused, and not finishing his sentence.

"By-the-way," said Ralph—(for with careful carelessness of manner he thought he could extract something of the real nature of the impending disgrace from his companion in the state in which he then was; and if he only knew more about this danger he could guard against it; guard others—perhaps himself)—"By-the-way, have you ever heard any thing of Dunster since he went off to America? isn't it thought?"

He was startled beyond his power of self-control by the instantaneous change in Mr. Wilkins which his question produced. Both started up; Mr. Wilkins white, shaking, and trying to say something, but unable to form a sensible sentence.

"Good God! Sir, what is the matter?" said Ralph, alarmed at these signs of physical suffering.

Mr. Wilkins sat down, and repelled his nearer approach without speaking.

"It is nothing, only this headache which shoots through me at times. Don't look at me, Sir, in that way; it is very unpleasant, let me tell you, to find another man's eyes perpetually fixed upon you."

"I beg your pardon," said Ralph, coldly; his short-lived sympathy, thus repulsed, giving way to his curiosity. But he waited for a minute or two without daring to renew the conversation at the point where they had stopped: whether interrupted by bodily or mental discomfort on the part of his companion, he was not quite sure. While he hesitated how to begin again on the subject, Mr. Wilkins pulled the bottle of brandy to himself and filled his glass again, tossing off the spirit as if it had been water. Then he tried to look Mr. Corbet full in the face, with a stare as pertinacious as he could make it, but very different from the keen observant gaze which was trying to read him through.

"What were we talking about?" said Ralph, at length, with the most natural air in the world, just as if he had really been forgetful of some half-discussed subject of interest.

"Of what you'd a d—d deal better hold your tongue about," growled out Mr. Wilkins, in a surly, thick voice.

"Sir!" said Ralph, starting to his feet with real passion at being so addressed by "Wilkins the attorney."

"Yes," continued the latter, "I'll manage my own affairs, and allow of no meddling and no questioning. I said so once before, and I was not minded, and bad came of it; and now I say it again. And if you're to come here and put impertinent questions, and stare at me as you've been doing this half hour past, why, the sooner you leave this house the better!"

Ralph half turned to take him at his word, and go at once; but then he "gave Ellinor another chance," as he worded it in his thoughts; but it was in no spirit of conciliation that he said,

"You've taken too much of that stuff, Sir, and you don't know what you're saying. If you did, I should leave your house at once, and never to return."

"You think so, do you?" said Mr. Wilkins, trying to stand up and look dignified and sober. "I say, Sir, that if you ever venture again to talk and look as you have done to-night, why, Sir, I will ring the bell and have you shown the door by my servants. So now you're warned, my fine fellow!" He sat down, laughing a foolish, tipsy laugh of triumph. In another minute his arm was held firmly but gently by Ralph.

"Listen, Mr. Wilkins!" he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "You shall never have to say to me twice what you have said to-night. Henceforward we are as strangers to each other. As to Ellinor"—his tones softened a little, and he sighed in spite of himself—"I do not think we should have been happy. I believe our engagement was formed when we were too young to know our own minds, but I would have done my duty and kept to my word; but you, Sir, have yourself severed the connection between us by your insolence to-night. I, to be turned out of your house by your servants!—I, a Corbet of Westley, who would not submit to such threats from a peer of the realm, let him be ever so drunk!" He was out of the room, almost out of the house, before he had spoken the last words. Mr. Wilkins sat still, first fiercely angry, then astonished, and lastly dismayed into sobriety.

"Corbet, Corbet! Ralph!" he called in vain; then he got up and went to the door, opened it, looked into the fully-lighted hall; all was so quiet there that he could hear the quiet voices of the women in the drawing-room talking together. He thought for a moment, and went to the hat-stand, and missed Ralph's low-crowned straw-hat.

Then he went back and sat down once more in the dining-room, and endeavored to make out exactly what had passed; but he could not believe that Mr. Corbet had come to any enduring or final resolution to break off his engagement, and he had almost reasoned himself back into his former state of indignation at impertinence and injury when Ellinor came in, pale, hurried, and anxious.

"Papa! what does this mean?" said she, putting an open note into his hand. He took up his glasses, but his hand shook so that he could hardly read. The note was from the parsonage to Ellinor; only three lines sent by Mr. Ness's servant, who had come to fetch Mr. Corbet's things. He had written three lines with some consideration for Ellinor, even when he was in his first flush of anger against her father, and it must be confessed of relief at his own freedom, thus brought about by the act of another, and not of his own working out, which partly saved his conscience. The note ran thus:

> "DEAR ELLINOR,—Words have passed between your father and me which have obliged me to leave his house, I fear never to return to it. I will write more fully to-morrow. But do not grieve too much, for I am not, and never have been, good enough for you. God bless you, my dearest Nelly, though I call you so for the last time.—R. C."

"Papa, what is it?" Ellinor cried, clasping her hands together, as her father still sat silent, vacantly gazing into the fire, after finishing the note.

"I don't know!" said he, looking up at her, piteously; "it's the world, I think. Every thing goes wrong with me and mine; it went wrong before THAT night—so it can't be that, can it, Ellinor?"

"Oh, papa!" said she, kneeling down by him, her arms round his neck, her face hidden on his breast.

He put one arm languidly round her. "I used to read of Orestes and the Furies at Eton when I was a boy, and I thought it was all a heathen fiction. Poor little motherless girl!" said he, laying his other hand on her head, with the caressing gesture he had been accustomed to use when she had been a little child. "Did you love him so very dearly, Nelly?" he whispered, his cheek against hers; "for somehow of late he has not seemed to me to be good enough for thee. I am sure he has got an inkling that something has gone wrong: and he was very inquisitive—I may say, he questioned me in a relentless kind of way."

"Oh, papa, it was my doing, I am afraid. I said something long ago about possible disgrace."

He pushed her away; he stood up and looked at her with the eyes dilated, half in fear, half in fierceness, of an animal at bay; he did not heed that his abrupt movement had almost thrown her prostrate on the ground.

"You, Ellinor! You—you—"

"Oh, darling father, listen!" said she, creeping to his knees, and clasping them with her hands. "I said it as if it were a possible case of some one else—last August—but he immediately applied it, and asked me if it was over me the disgrace, or shame—I forget the words we used—hung; and what could I say?"

"Any thing—any thing to put him off the scent. God help me, I am a lost man, betrayed by my child!"

Ellinor let go of his knees and covered her face. Every one stabbed at that poor heart. In a minute or so her father spoke again:

"I don't mean what I say. I often don't mean it now. Ellinor, you must forgive me, my child!" He stooped and lifted her up, and sat down, taking her on his knee, and smoothing her hair off her hot forehead. "Remember, child, how very miserable I am, and have forgiveness for me. He had none, and yet he must have seen I had been drinking."

"Drinking, papa!" said Ellinor, raising her head, and looking at him with sorrowful surprise.

"Yes. I drink now to try and forget," said he, blushing and confused.

"Oh, how miserable we are!" cried Ellinor, bursting into tears—"how very miserable! It seems almost as if God had forgotten to comfort us!"

"Hush, hush!" said he. "Your mother said once she did so pray that you might grow up religious; you must be religious, child, because she prayed for it so often. Poor Lettice, how glad I am that you are dead!" Here he began to cry like a child. Ellinor comforted him with kisses rather than words. He pushed her away after a while, and said, sharply, "How much does he know? I must make sure of that. How much did you tell him, Ellinor?"

"Nothing—nothing, indeed, papa, but what I told you just now!"

"Tell it me again—the exact words!"

"I will, as well as I can; but it was last August. I only said, 'Was it right for a woman to marry, knowing that disgrace hung over her, and keeping her lover in ignorance of it?'"

"That was all, you are sure?"

"Yes. He immediately applied the case to me—to ourselves."

"And he never wanted to know what was the nature of the threatened disgrace?"

"Yes, he did."

"And you told him?"

"No, not a word more. He referred to the subject again to-day in the shrubbery, but I told him nothing more. You quite believe me, don't you, papa?"

He pressed her to him, but did not speak. Then he took the note up again, and read it with as much care and attention as he could collect in his agitated state of mind.

"Nelly," said he, at length, "he says true; he is not good enough for thee. He shrinks from the thought of the disgrace. Thou must stand alone, and bear the sins of thy father."

He shook so much as he said this that Ellinor had to put any suffering of her own on one side, and try to confine her thoughts to the necessity of getting her father immediately up to bed. She sat by him till he went to sleep and she could leave him, and go to her own room, to forgetfulness and rest, if she could find those priceless blessings.

TIM BLANEY'S COURTSHIP.

TIM BLANEY was fireman in a large hotel. From five o'clock in the morning till ten at night he knew little of life excepting as reflected from a coal grate and dinned into his ears by the heavy porter's bell, whose sound, following him to every part of the house, signified that Mrs. So-and-So's fire, up in the fourth story, needed poking, or Mrs. Somebody else, in the farthest wing, wanted a few cinders on hers.

He was a little man, evidently having spent the five-and-thirty years of his sojourn upon the earth otherwise than in adding to his own dimensions. Whether bread-and-butter was too scarce in his growing days, or whether it felt an insurmountable reluctance to being converted into Irish bone and sinew, the result was the same, and Tim remained at the stature of a half-grown boy.

He was never seen excepting as attended by a coal-hod, and I question if he even did not eat and sleep surrounded by the signs of his calling. His face as well as his hands and clothes were always grimy with soot and coal-dust; and altogether he looked, with his comical figure and twinkling eyes, like some burrowing creature just unearthed.

That he *was* more than an intelligent, cultivated woodchuck, or a highly-trained and tractable dwarf gorilla, was evident by the fact of his possessing a thumb, which, according to Dr. Kirk, is the distinguishing feature and decisive test of manhood.

He was, therefore, indubitably a human being, like the rest of us, capable of culture and infinite development, which he had as yet received in a very limited degree. That he was a being with a depth of generous warm-heartedness and unruffled good-nature was not to be questioned. You might know *that* by the way he patted down the coals in the grate with a kind of dumb caress, as though the part of him which, on analysis, would take its place in the mineral kingdom was giving its recognition; or, what was more likely, as though he felt an affectionateness going out toward this companion of his toils and object of his cares. You might know it too by his cheery "good-morning," as sprightly as the chirp of a little brown snow-bird coming out after a winter storm to find what blessing returning sunshine might have brought him. He showed it also, even in the little act of tugging his heavy hods around old Lion, the shaggy watch-dog, not to put him to the trouble of moving.

Notwithstanding, you would sooner look to see the tongs make love to the shovel, and the fender propose to the grate, than that smutty little Tim should presume to feel a glow of the sentiment by which poets and cavaliers are inspired.

We might, with a great stretch of fancy, imagine, remembering the story of Beauty and the Beast, that insomuch as the water in the cattle's drinking-trough is capable of mirroring the stars, thus one of the fair-faced, sweet-voiced ladies in the house where he constantly served might have dazzled him with the brightness of her shining, as the unshaded sun does the sharpest, strongest-eyed of us all if we are caught in the folly of gazing at it. It might possibly be that he, in blind unconsciousness, could feel, at his low level, the beauty and the grace that were swaying the hearts of men high up on the ladder of birth and breeding; and so come to find a double willingness and activity in making *her* fire, and feel, without understanding why, a flash of pride and joy when she spoke to him, or when his foot touched the spot of carpet where hers had rested.

Such things have been and may be again, but Tim fell a victim to no such delicate and ennobling nonsense.

Neither did his affections, as was more probable, wander toward some one of the trim, red-cheeked chamber-maids—thus wrecking his future tranquillity—nor in the direction of the fat pastry-cooks or the frouzy laundresses.

Oh no! His warm heart, so much greater and stronger than his head, went *down* instead of up to find its rest and mate. For he did fall in love, and with the sorriest piece of womanhood one could ever think to exist among the honest poor.

This mortal, who was favored to marry above her level, was called Cad Green. Not that her mother named her so; her real name, if she ever had one, was as completely passed away and forgotten as the story of the mysterious Western mounds and the history of the old mill at Newport.

Cad had an existence here because, having once been born into the world, nobody had felt at liberty, seeing no sufficient occasion, to send her out of it; and she persisted, very injudiciously, as it seemed, in staying on the trifling encouragement of meagre fare, scanty clothing, and the mixed air of the city in its impurest quarter.

So here she was at eighteen, when she should have been at the perfection of blossoming girlhood, pinched, scraggy, and pitiful in face and figure; putting one in mind of a half-starved, neglected cat, against whom every body's hand and every dog's enmity has been, till, with her sprightly kittenhood extinguished, her sides thin, and her fur rough and coarse, she slinks about as though quite ashamed of her forced existence.

Thus also should Cad have been—a quiet, appropriate filling-out of some simple domestic corner in life—but such, alas! she was not. Her nature, kindly and loving, had been repressed and thwarted by place and circumstance till not much but animal life looked from the dull eyes, and showed in the unattractive figure.

But she was far above a mere beast after all; she had a *thumb*, and could write her name by the help of it, and even make a shift at spelling out a little in easy reading.

Occasionally she came to the hotel where Tim built fires to get washing to do, which she did in Bridget Dolon's tub under her shed. The work was above her strength, without being equal to her necessities; yet so low down was she that any hope of better estate never entered her narrow brain, unless it was that she sometimes considered if she was rich enough to own a tub she shouldn't have to pay for the use of Bridget's, besides having the first right to its use, and maybe money coming in from somebody for the hire of it.

Happening that an extra scrub-girl was wanted to clean the floors and stairs at the hotel, Cad was employed for an hour every morning; and thus the romance and high fortune of her life commenced.

Tim saw her, of course, as he patted up and down with his hods; and, of course, pitied her forlorn face and scrawny arms—for he would have pitied an overladen horse.

Cad had a cough, as was natural she should have with wet feet and scanty clothing; and Tim wished he had some hot drops for her. Thus the romance of *his* life commenced. The more he thought of her the more he pitied her; and the more he pitied her the more he thought of her.

"It's a big shame for a stout chap like me to be slaping in a bid ivery night, and ateing my dinner like a born lord, while that poor crayter has nayther the one nor the other!" cogitated he, puzzled how to right this existing wrong.

"If some gintleman would be giving me his garden to tend, and a couple of cows with maybe a horse to look after, that might do her and me; I've allays heerd two can kape theirselves chaper than one," he soliloquized at last, in the height of his perplexity and from the depth of his generosity.

After the idea had once found a resting-place in his thoughts it grounded itself there, and became more and more settled. So while Cad coughed and scrubbed away, quite unconsciously, Tim had established in his own mind entire claim and guardianship of her; and she was therefore already growing comely in his eyes. This state of things might have gone on indefinitely, but suddenly Cad failed to appear, and Tim saw nothing of her for a week, by which time he was quite uneasy, and so absent-minded that he left Mrs. Balquidder's blower up full five minutes too long, thus greatly exercising the temper of that lady.

At the end of the week Cad came again, coughing more than ever and still more haggard.

Tim gave one look at her; then, filled with self-reproach, trotted off to the landlord.

"If you plase, Sir, I'm like to be married, and it's me discharge I'll be after having, may it plase you," said he.

"Married, are you? But what if I *don't* plase?" returned the landlord.

"Sure and it's not yeresilf will be so cruel, Sir. It's a home and somebody to look after her the poor crayter needs; it is indade, Sir!" replied Tim, beseechingly.

"But it is for only a month longer you are engaged; can't you stay that out?"

"Indade and I'm thinking the cough will kill her before the month is up, Sir; and I could niver look mesilf in the face again if I left her to die," said Tim, fairly crying.

"But what can you do to take care of a wife? You can't keep *yourself* in whole clothes. How do you expect to live?" asked the landlord, who was so hard-hearted as to recollect that tears would not buy coal at eleven dollars a ton.

"Sure and it is yeresilf I thought maybe would give me some jobs among the porters till I could look about a bit. I'm a dale stronger than I looks to be, Sir."

The absurdity of Tim aspiring to the holy sacrament of marriage so tickled the landlord's fancy that he finally decided to find another fireman, and give Tim some odd jobs of work till he could do better. So the next morning, after the round of fire-building had been made, he sent for Tim, and paying him the accumulations of his earnings for the winter, which was twelve dollars, told him the arrangement he had made; giving him the day to himself, and directing him to be on hand early for what work he might have on the next day.

Tim grunted inarticulately, ducked his little black head, and trotted off to find Cad, chuckling as he went with delight at the success of his benevolent scheme.

The bride-elect was on her knees scrubbing off the last stair.

"Come, Cad! get through with yere washing as quick as iver ye can, for I'm going to marry ye this blissed morning!" said her future lord.

Cad looked up with as much astonishment as her lustreless eyes, so unused to expressing emotion, could show. Being the first she had heard of Tim's generous intentions, it was not strange that she stared and opened her mouth wider than was strictly in accordance with the lines of beauty.

Her comprehension was dull and darkened, and her ideas few; yet there lurked among her blunted perceptions the indistinct impression, common to most girls, that marriage means something better and freer than the present life; so Cad was not averse to accepting Tim's novel and unexpected offer when she fairly understood it. For her it brought indeed the emancipation which so many fail to find.

"We will make haste for the praste at once," said Tim, who fancied Cad's life was not safe until she had come legally under his protection.

But the girl, with some dim notion of the finery becoming to brides, looked at her tattered, splashed-up gown, drew back, and said,

"I ain't fit; I'm too nasty!"

"Don't ye be minding sich as that; I'll get ye a gownd since," said the bridegroom, cheerily, as he led the way, drawing Cad by the force of his will after him, and, in truth, not very reluctantly.

The simple, ragged pair trudged first to the city clerk for a license; then to the priest's, where they were speedily made one flesh—for better, for worse.

Tim, being an Irishman, had of course a cousin conveniently; and, fortune favoring the brave, it happened that the cousin, by packing her brood of eight a little closer, could spare an attic room and a few pieces of rickety furniture.

Here Tim's honey-moon commenced, and here it ended; but not so the moons which followed. Tim of course had more cousins, and one of them, who worked in a factory in a large village outside the great city, got him the place of fireman there after some months.

Wages were better, as well as the air, and in time Tim went to housekeeping in a cabin with a board floor and the stove-pipe coming through the roof, as independent as any landholder.

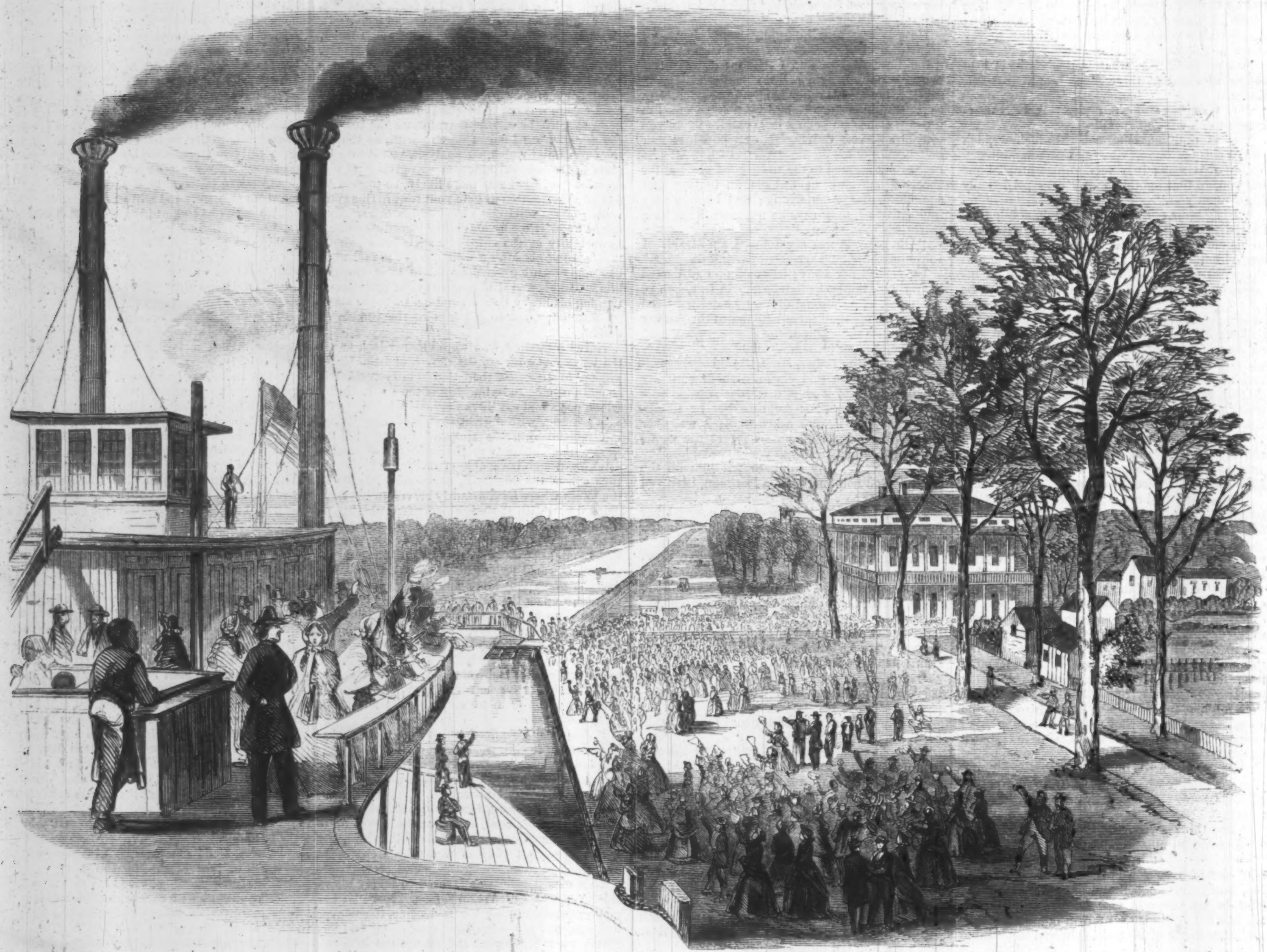
Such a sight as dandelions and daisies were to Cad, who had never been outside the city limits before! And so proud as she was of her home, her husband, and her housewifery!

The compounds she produced in the way of food might have been more savory and toothsome, but Delmonico's dainties never meet with a more satisfied and delighted appreciation than Tim gave them; while, in the light and warmth of his praises and affection, Cad improved daily, not only in domestic accomplishments, but in person.

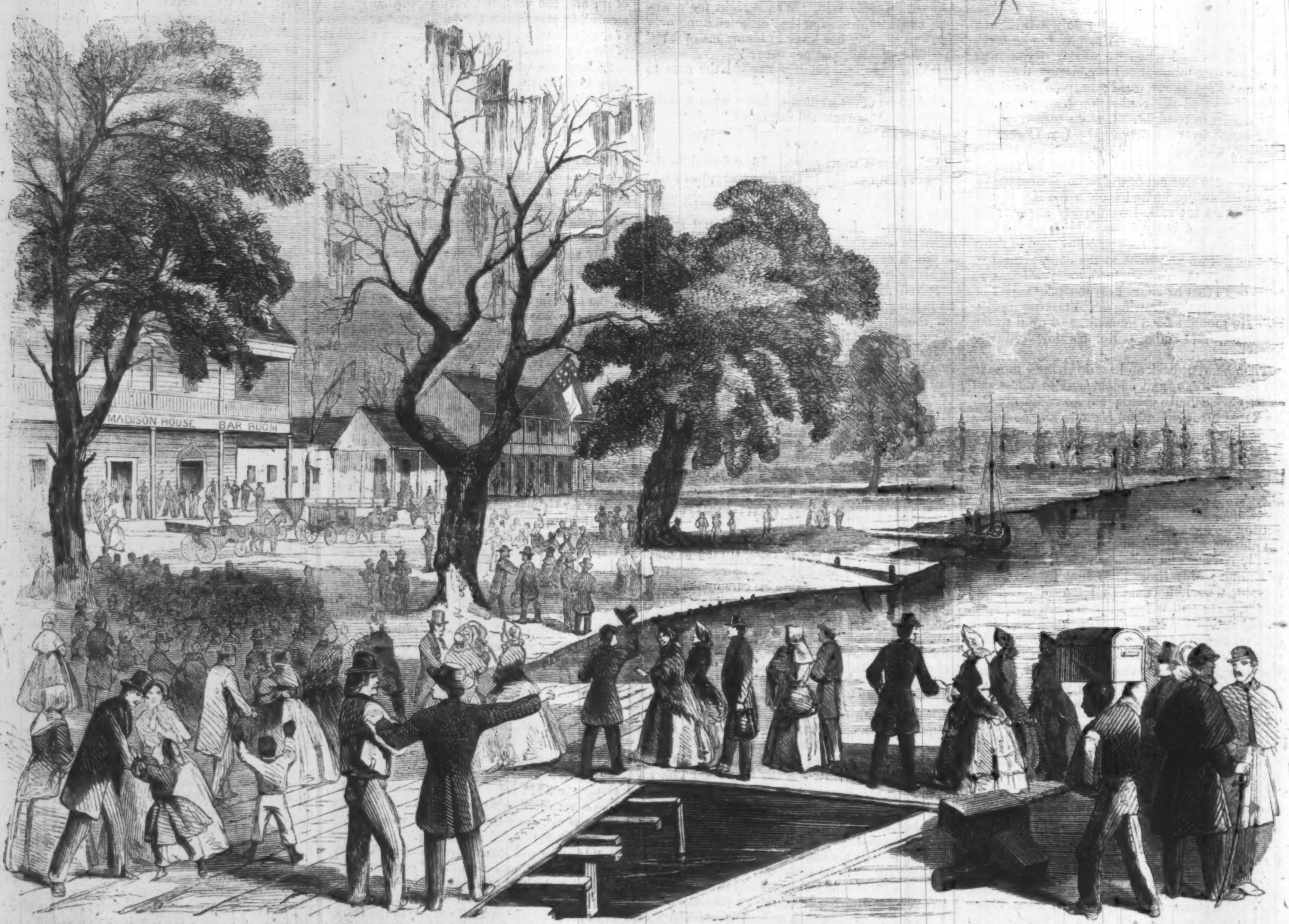
The pinched, hungry look faded out from her face, and there came at length some degree of intelligence into it, with an abundance of faithful devotion and admiration for her Tim, which last quality he fully approved and shared.

"If it hadn't been for me, Cad, ye'd be dead, ye see, and buried, sure enough; and now here ye be, tough and hearty, writing yere name as handsome as the praste hisself, and able to rade a bit besides, which is more than mesilf can do, entirely," he said, complacently, every day.

Then Cad beamed a grateful smile upon him, and went about her duties as happy and as proud a wife as any since the days of Eve.



DEPARTURE OF REGISTERED ENEMIES OF THE UNITED STATES FROM PORT HICKOK, TO MADISONVILLE, LA.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See next Page.]



LANDING OF REGISTERED ENEMIES OF THE UNITED STATES AT MADISONVILLE, LA., FEBRUARY 2, 1863.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See next Page.]

AFFAIRS IN NEW ORLEANS.

OUR special correspondent, Mr. Hamilton, keeps us supplied with illustrations of affairs in General Banks's Department. We reproduce some of them herewith. The cuts on the opposite page illustrate the

RETURN OF REGISTERED ENEMIES TO DIXIE.

Mr. Hamilton writes:

After about half an hour's ride, by railway, from New Orleans, we arrived at Port Hickok, on the south shore of Lake Pontchartrain, where the Lake House is situated, at the end of the famous shell-road, the "Bloomingdale" of New Orleans. The scene presented here was really very striking and beautiful. The day was bright and lovely; hundreds of people—a large proportion of them gayly-dressed ladies—had collected there, some to leave for Dixie, and others to say farewell to those who were going. The *J. D. Brown* was there, rolling out its dense volumes of smoke, and an immense array of vehicles of all sorts were congregated. In the balconies, on the bridge, and in the large white space in front of the Lake House, the whole place was swarming.

This was the second trip of the kind, and, owing to its having been discovered that the first had been used as a means for smuggling goods into Secessia, the authorities had caused it to be published in the papers that every body—ladies included—would undergo a rigid search. This caused no little flutter and excitement among the crinoline.

They were ushered into a separate room, where ladies of high respectability were employed to conduct the necessary investigation. I saw many a pretty pair of rosy lips emerge, pouting dreadfully at having been obliged to prove whether her plump little figure owed all its sweetness to the gifts of nature, or to sundry packages of bitter quinine stuffed artfully about her; and whether in that cunning little envelope, so stealthily concealed in her bosom, the balls alluded to meant fancy balls or cannon-balls. I heard some very angry comments made upon their searching "even the stockings of children;" but this was very natural, for a vast amount of knowledge about infantry can be conveyed by a small slip of paper in a baby's stocking.

When we had all got on board the *J. D. Brown*, at about 10 A.M., and she began to move off, the scene was really picturesque and exciting. Such a waving of handkerchiefs, red and white scarfs, and other secesh emblems—such adieux and kissing of hands—I never saw before. I noticed some few weeping on the shore; but the general feeling, both on board and on land, was one wild, open, defiant outburst of disloyalty, in which no check whatever was put upon expressions for the rebel Government, though in the hearing of our own officers.

"Feel *humiliated?*" shouted one female from the shore.

"No, indeed!" scornfully replied a fair one near me at the bulwarks.

"That's right, dear; never say *that* word."

"I've seen him, dear: you'll be comfortable enough," screams another in the crowd.

"Who?" asks the lady on board so addressed.

"Colonel Clark,* to be sure. Who else did you think?"

"Give my love to all our friends, Mary," cries an old lady.

"Yes, ma; I'm going to give my love to every body and every thing I meet."

So they went on, running along a steep slip of land to keep pace with the boat, about a hundred of them, ladies and all, scrambling through the mud, until the land coming to an abrupt stop, they could go no farther; and they gave a parting cheer as we got out of the basin on the broad surface of the lake.

We steered due north, right across Lake Pontchartrain, and, entering the small Chefunctee River or Bayou, got up to the little village called Madisonville about noon. Here we saw the Stars and Bars flying, and the place in command of Lieutenant M. Cassetty. Madisonville is very picturesque, the shore being covered with fine live-oak trees, whose enormous gnarled trunks and twisted roots look as if they have been defying the storms of centuries.

The enthusiasm and excitement of friends and relatives meeting were, of course, only a counterpart of what we had just seen at starting. We went ashore, but did not remain more than an hour. There was little information of any value to be obtained, beyond the fact that they were suffering much for many of the necessaries of life. Still, on the surface, there was no outward show of wretchedness.

On this page we give an illustration of

THE POOR OF NEW ORLEANS.

There are few questions of greater importance at present engaging the attention of General Banks than how to find food and employment for the 30,000 poor of New Orleans.

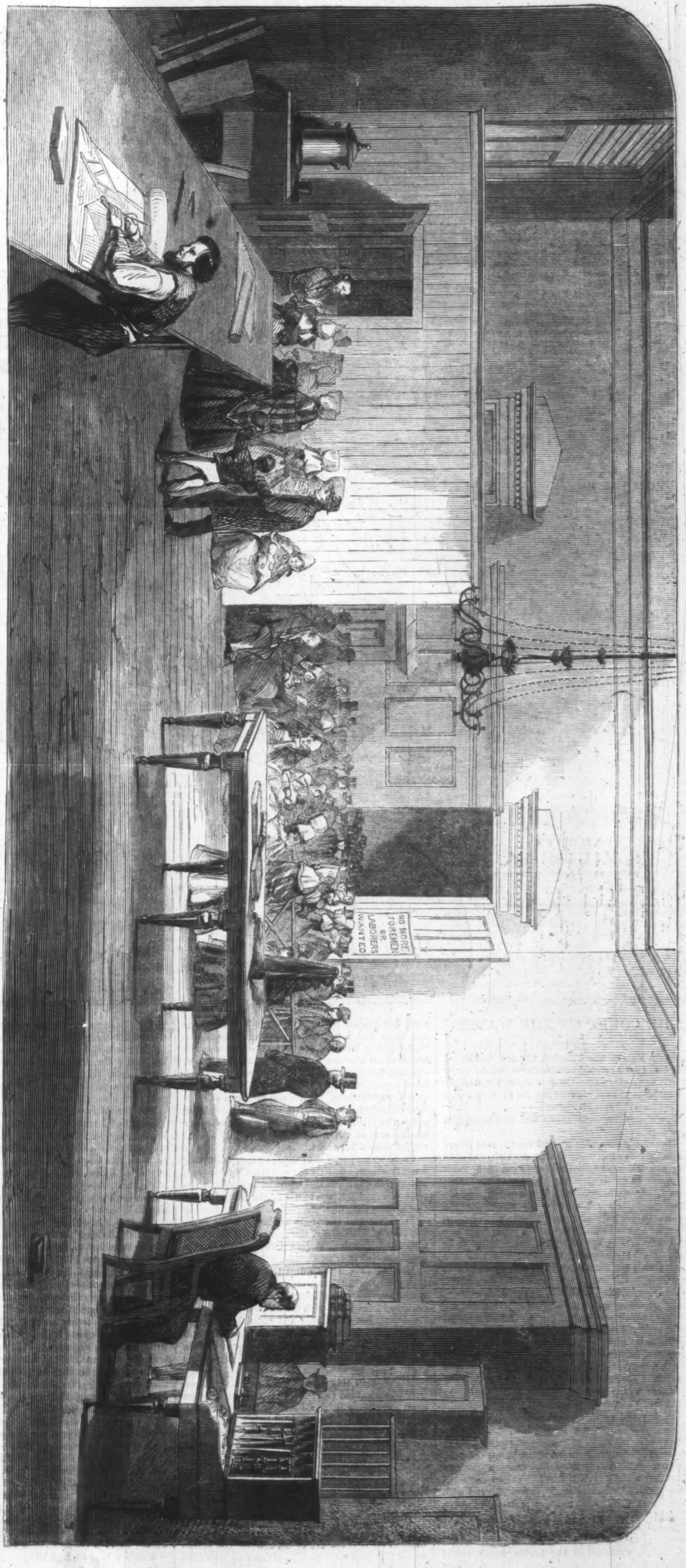
Previous to the change of administration in that city, General Butler had adopted a very simple and summary mode of overcoming this difficulty, which he often said outweighed all the other duties of his administration. He merely levied a *per-centage* upon the contributions which the rich secessionists of New Orleans had subscribed toward the rebellion, thus compelling them to alleviate the very misery they had caused.

Having thus raised the necessary funds, he issued his famous Special Order No. 244, authorizing the City Surveyor, Colonel T. B. Thorpe, to employ not less than 1000 workmen upon the streets, levees, canals, etc., married men with families to be always preferred, and each one *to have the oath of allegiance in his pocket.* By this admirable process, 30,000 people were weekly relieved, at an average cost (for labor and rations) of $23,000 per week; $10,000 for labor only, and $13,000 for provisions. Out of this large number of people only 1400 were really residents of the North; the remainder being foreigners or citizens of Louisiana and other Southern States, and over 5000 of these were women (old and young) who had openly acknowledged themselves to be the mothers and wives of Confederate soldiers in actual war against us!

As soon as General Banks arrived this policy was changed; the works on the streets were immediately suspended, the following week on canals, and by the commencement of February the whole had ceased.

The result of this was immediately felt. Hundreds of men of all ages and conditions collected every day round the City Hall, from morning till night, vainly imploring employment. In the interior of the building the scene was no less painful. Then the crowds perpetually besieged the powerless City Surveyor, and it was in vain he assured them that he had no longer the means of giving them aid or employment. Mothers came there with babes in their arms, tottering old men were there also, and also many a poor lady who—until this dreadful war broke out—had homes of comfort if not of luxury. It is one of these scenes in the City Surveyor's office which our artist has made the subject of his illustration.

We are glad to find, however, by our latest advices from New Orleans, that this serious state of affairs, if not completely removed, is now undergoing a change. The poor workmen, unable to hold out any longer, petitioned General Banks, who received them very kindly and promised to do all he could to assist them. He has taken steps to have 1400 men employed upon the Government works—a measure that will go far toward removing a source of evil that was really becoming quite alarming.



THE POOR OF NEW ORLEANS APPLYING TO COLONEL THORPE FOR EMPLOYMENT AT THE CITY SURVEYOR'S OFFICE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

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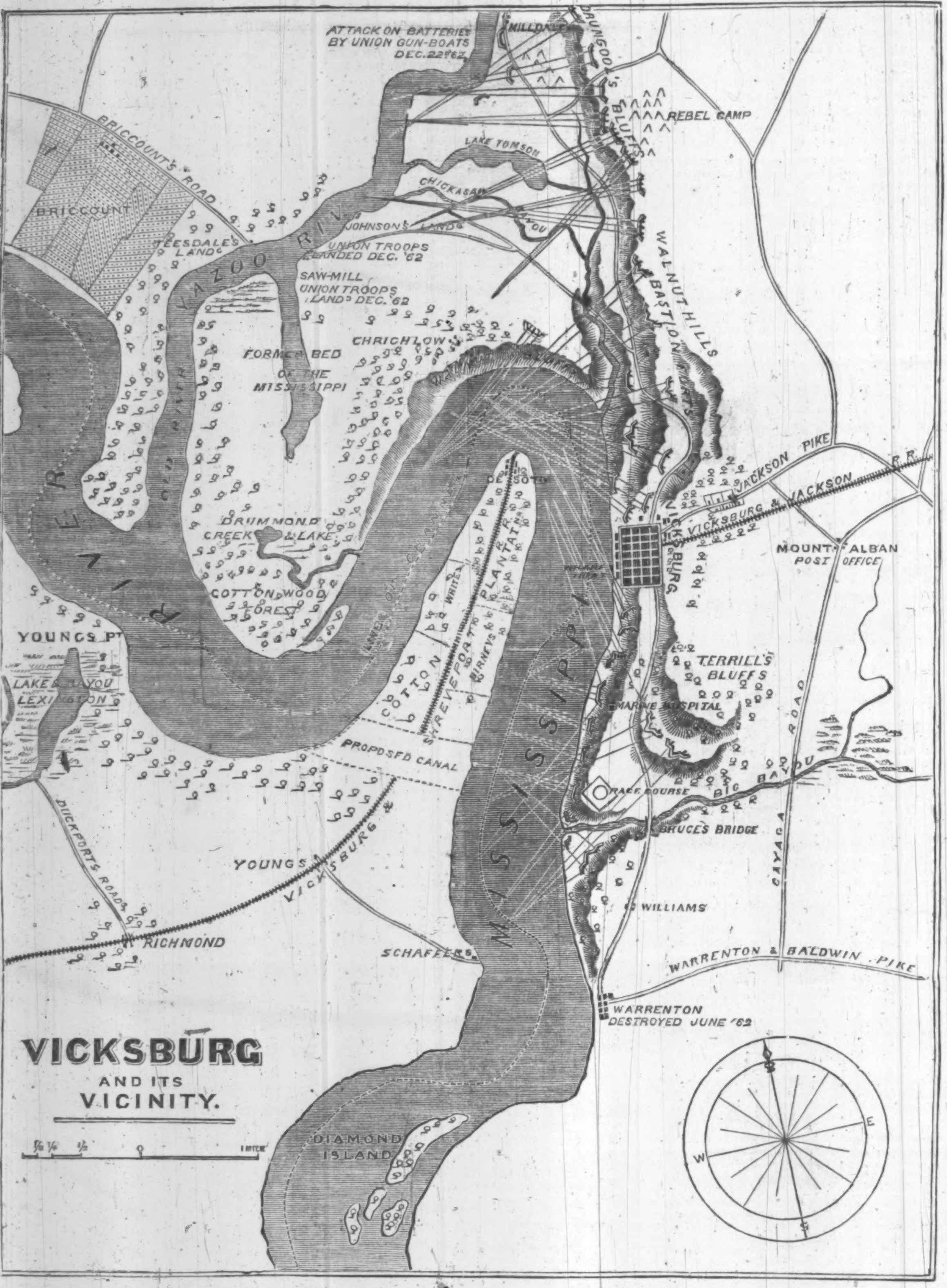
* General Banks's Chief of Staff, who was on board, and represented in the fore-ground of our sketch.—*Ed.*



VICKSBURG
AND ITS
VICINITY.

THE COURT OF THE WATER-LILY.

POOR Robert was killed in his first battle. I felt sure that he would be when he enlisted; but it would have made no difference about his going if he could have read his doom in the Records above before he put down his name.

My sister Lucy sent me to find and bring him home.

One of his comrades showed me the spot where he found him when the search for dead and wounded began. The poor fellow had crept out of the great highway of battle (leaving a bloody track behind him, to show where he fell), into a corner, and lay there peacefully asleep, with his cheek pillowed upon a little clover-clump. "There had been little pain in his death," the soldier said; "his face was calm and quiet. I buried him near where he fell. Here!" Marking the place where he was laid, I rode back for permission and assistance in disinterring the body.

As I crossed a bright little stream, which widened away to sedges on its farther side, I loosened my horse's rein that he might drink. I had lingered so long that the full moon was shining brightly, and the air was redolent of forest odors distilled by the dewy night; and feeling confidence in my good steed, I "hoppled" him and let him graze, while I asked in the summer moonlight.

There was a great commotion going on in the stream.

Slowly out of its crystal depths rose a green, foam-crested wave, dashing itself upon the grassy bank, where it remained fixed—no longer a wave merely, but a stately throne of the purest emerald, carpeted with downy foam, and canopied with an inverted water-lily. Up in [illegible] snowy dome the many golden stamens tremblingly rang out with melodious chime the hour of midnight; and a being, fairer than mortal tongue could tell, arose from the sparkling stream and ascended the royal dais. Gems of water, brighter than any diamonds of Earth, sparkled in the crown which rested upon her golden curls; and while her tiny face and form had much of regal grace, there was that winning smile of tender love which won the hearts of all who saw her. Her coronation robes, of white velvet relieved with green, swept the rich foam carpet, and mingled their softness with its own downy texture. One hand and arm of wondrous beauty held the sceptre of moonlight-colored pearl, the other extended itself in snowy beauty on the arm of the royal seat. The Lily Queen waited to hold her court.

There was a pause, and then the tiny bells rung a merry chime. Swiftly the summons was obeyed, and the air was tremulous with the flutter of many-colored wings and the rustle of the feet of insect steeds upon the grass.

From far and wide regions they came—Rose, Lily, Tulip, Heliotrope, Geraniums and Fuschias, Cacti and Thistles, Violets, Orange-buds, and a countless host of others.

Now who could not guess that the stiff Court Chamberlain, in his many-colored robes and pale-green trowsers, was a Tulip on ordinary occasions? or mistake the Rose, with her blushing cheeks and regal port, her sweet odor and magnificent attire, for any but her own lovely self? or that fair band of sisters, who, arrayed more gorgeously "than Solomon in all his glory," disposed themselves about their royal cousin? A shade of anxiety rested on each tiny face, [illegible] the Emerald Crown would be awarded to-night, [illegible] there was a flutter of expectation among all who had come to strive for the prize, for every blossom that loves the sun or seeks the shade, that blooms by day or weeps at night, bowed its dew-gemmed head before the throne.

The Honey-suckle herald sounded his bugle. The ushers of the Golden Rod marshaled the brilliant crowd, and the royal proclamation went forth.

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! All true and loyal subjects of the Lily Queen are to be given speech and audience to-night, and all evil spirits of the air are banned, for it is the eve of St. John. The Queen would fain hear what goodly service had been done to men by her subjects, to comfort those who have so tenderly cared for us. Oyez! oyez!"

"Fair sister," said the Queen, as the Rose bent low before her, "thou art a queen, like ourself, in other lands; therefore speak first. Or hast thou idled, listening to the song of thine own nightingale?"

The Rose blushed to the edge of her crimson robe. "Even had I such idle thoughts as your Majesty implies, my nightingale is far over the seas, and mine has been too varied a duty to spare time for light-o'-love songs. Time will not suffice to tell how often I have cheered the sick-room; or how I have blanched my cheek that it should be a fit companion for the waxen dead, on whose chilly breast they laid me to sleep. And how, borne in fair ladies' hands, I have heard the gay rattle of the ball-room; or, decking the walls of the brilliant salon, I have trembled to the throbbing waltz. I come now with no such idle tale; though I come, indeed, from such scenes. I was borne to-night in a hand—a fair one, too—whose touch should have withered me, for it was hot with treason. I felt a billet placed in my green arms, and I felt that secrets were intrusted to my keeping. I raised my eye-glass—made, as your Majesty knows, of the lens of the eye of a lightning-bug—and saw, oh, horror! a map of the Union defenses, a list of the Union forces, and a perfect transcript of the Union plans for the next campaign! She let the rebel spy, in the guise of a gallant, attend her to her carriage, and suffered him to keep the flowers—as if they had been a tender love-token, instead of bitter treachery!"

"You but discovered the treason, good sister," replied the Queen, sadly. "You had no power to prevent the consequences. Worthier service than this must deserve the royal guerdon, much as it grieves us to say it."

"Ho! ho! ho!" sounded a goblin laugh close beside me, and I dimly discerned an eerie shape cowering dimly and darkly behind the willow clump near me. I felt the pestilential odor of his breath as of a charnel house as he growled out, "That's a true enough story. The Confederates have got it all safe by this time. *I* saw to that. The whole of it isn't bigger than a silver quarter, if I haven't forgotten the size of one."

And his rattling laugh sounded like thin ice crackling under the skater's heel.

The purple Heliotrope, leaning on the arm of her faithful Geranium, had a little story, *not* a new one, to tell. There have been such tales ever since young people found that flowers could tell of gentle hopes easier than lips. The fair Queen smiled, and the goblin shape hissed out a sneer.

The Geraniums fluttered their fans, and spoke much of the delights of gay society, and the select circles in which *they* moved. In turn they were chilled with the icy hauteur of the snowy Camelia, who, scarcely bending her head, and vouchsafing not a word, swept past the fragrant but parvenue throng.

There were pure white flowers in crowds, and side by side with them I saw a Blue Violet from the garden of a crippled child. There was a Scarlet Bean, grown in a window-box, from a poor tenement house, in New York, side by side with the night-blooming Cereus from the great hot-house. The Mistletoe, in the guise of a white-haired gentleman of the old school, violently ogled the blushing Holly, who appeared in a rich green satin, tastefully ornamented with coral, while Miss did not in the least resent the liberty, but was evidently pleased with her ancient friend. The demure Lavender, in the character of a pretty German chamber-maid, was covertly carrying on a flirtation with a tall and slender Sweet Clover, who was trying to assist her in her passage through the crowd. The Sweet-Pea, looking for all the world like one's own pretty country cousin, clung for support to the Purple Lilac, who, in the similitude of a rustic schoolmaster, took the best care of her that he could. This pair, being in turn severely snubbed by his cousin, the White Lilac, who, having lately been presented at the court of Eugénie, gave herself immense airs in consequence. The Crimson Peony, who was accompanied by her consumptive sister, was severely injured by the rudeness of a Prickly Pear, who had nearly destroyed her best red satin gown on his spurs.

"The less I see of men the better I like them," was his uncourteous address to the Queen. "Let us alone and we do no harm; but woe to him who tramples on my rights!" And he swung his yellow cap defiantly, and actually put it on his head.

It being evident that he had partaken too freely of the private bottle of *aguardiente* which it was known he was in the habit of carrying, the Grand Chamberlain signed to two stout Scotch Thistles, who guarded the throne with fixed bayonets, to remove him. He struggled violently, but the stout Highlanders carried him to a distance and gave him a severe ducking, which, being at variance with his usual habits, effectually cooled his impudence.

"There was small chance for an argument then—bayonets against spurs," I remarked to the shape.

"They had no right to meddle," growled the Dark One. "He had as good right to his spurs as they to bayonets. Let him alone, and there would have been no row."

I could but dimly discern his figure in the pale light, but I fancied I could see—no matter what kind of feet. He wore no boots, and had the C. S. A. buttons.

Now each fair plant and tender blossom had spoken a few words, and the Emerald crown had glittered and paled as each testimony was of greater or less valuable service; yet it still remained immovably fixed upon its velvet cushion.

Then the Herald sounded again on his fragrant bugle:

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! Inasmuch as the crown hath not been awarded to the Flowers, now let all the green tribes who feed mankind, or comfort his heart with drink or drug, come forth, and declare what deed of signal service they have done! Let them now speak! Oyez! oyez! oyez!"

And now, to be sure, arose a tumult, as the motley crowd began to jostle toward the throne.

Here a portly dame, in flaming yellow gown and green gaiters, tried hard to push herself ahead of another, evidently of her own family, though of a more elegant shape.

"Don't give yourself airs, Miss Squashblossom," she panted; "you're no better'n what I be, if you ain't quite so big!"

"Off my toes, you lumbering porpoise!" roared out a sturdy Potato. "It's enough to bring the tears to my eyes to tramp on a fellow's corns at that rate!"

"I shall certainly cry in two minutes!" moaned the poor Onion, who was getting the worst of it, as the crowd pushed her on one side.

"I shall certainly exhale in this vulgar jam!" sighed the Tobacco.

"Now do set yourself up, Cousin Tobacco!" growled a Tomato vine. "I wonder which of us smells the worst, or is hardest to learn to like at first, you or I—hey!"

"Ah me!" sighed the Poppy, to her gallant cousin, *Cannabis Indicus*, "would I were at home in my own bed! Late hours were always too much for me!"

"There will be merry work ere long," whispered the Hasheesh, leaning across to a Shamrock, who covertly fingered his shillalah a little on one side.

"Ay, wait a bit!" was the exulting answer; but the big Thistle, knowing their characters, quietly tipped them a warning wink, and they relapsed into quiet.

"Will you just see the airs Cauliflower is taking on," whispered the Cabbage, as he bowled along with the Turnip on his arm, while the Cauliflower scornfully cut her ancient relative.

With much difficulty the Usher and the Royal Guards succeeded in arranging the order of presentation.

The Potato plead hard for the reward. She claimed she had fed more people, and "betther ones," too, than any other vegetable on the ground, and she glanced appealingly toward the Shamrock, who quickly responded, "Thrue for ye, darlint!"

The Pumpkin had unctuous tales of Thanksgiving to relate; but she and the Squash differed, as only relations can, and the two were quickly silenced. Then the Beans spoke out, with a strong New England accent, but were interrupted by Messrs. Dill, Fennel, and Carraway, who appeared in white chokers, and claimed to represent the ecclesiastical interests. "They had always been to meetin' reg'lar, and had assisted more by keepin' people awake than any other yarb that grows."

"Hold on!" sputtered Peppermint; "don't talk about what you don't understand. If I don't wear a white choker I go to meetin' too, and every body knows I'm better for wind—"

"On the stomach, perhaps," sneered Tobacco. "When it rises to the brain, *I* am your humble servant then."

"There's some yarbs," mumbled old Sage, in her everlasting green fustian and dowdy blue ribbons—"there's *some* yarbs that *hez* faculty, and some that *hezn't*. Some kin take right hold, and cook and nuss like nothin', and some jest stan's round in the way. Now Thyme, 'n Savory, 'n Marjorum's most as good's what I be at gettin' up Thanksgivin'; but as for nussin'—"

"Jest shet up, granny!" cried Catnip and Pennyroyal; "what do you know about babies, for example? Lord! I've put more to sleep and saved 'em more span—"

"Now hush, all of you," growled "Lobely," while the Cardnalis actually turned pale with disgust.

"And what would you all do without me?" scornfully ejaculated Cinchona (Jesuit's Bark). "Shiver and burn! shiver and burn!"

"I'm good for sprains!" yelled Wormwood.

"Not a bit better than I," retorted Arnica.

"Take that, then!" And Arnica carried a black eye for a week.

"Whoop! Shillalah! never miss fire!" shouted the Shamrock, joyously twirling his stick at the prospect of a general row; while the Grape broke out into "Sparkling and bright," and called vociferously for a chorus.

Then the Queen rose in her majesty. "Silence, ye insolents! Shall even our royal presence be invaded and disgraced by such unseemly riots? Guards, do your duty. Herald, the crown moves not. Let the third call be sounded."

While our Hibernian friend was borne off, yelling vigorously, and consigned to a dungeon under a damp stone, at the imminent risk of a "cowld in his head," as he pathetically remonstrated with his guards, the Herald sounded the third summons.

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! Forasmuch as none others have gained the Emerald Crown, now let all grains and grasses and all way-side weeds now speak, if perchance they have deserved the royal guerdon! Oyez! oyez! Now let the fields and way-sides speak!"

Then, in tassels and wampum, glided past me the Indian Corn; the stout Barley, with his belt full of barbs; the golden Wheat, with her generous smile; the trembling Oat, with her classic voice; the Rice, with her gleaming pearls; the humbler Grasses, whose honest worth spoke for itself; and the luxurious Cotton, in her snowy robes. There was the "modest crimson-tippit flower," the golden Dandelion, childhood's favorite blossom, the Scotch Gowan, and the Alpine Moss.

"I," said the Wheat, with a beaming smile, "I went to idle Lancashire, and heard the gaunt men and starving women hoarsely whisper, 'God bless America!' and the wolf at their doors was not so hideous as the treason in the hearts of their richer neighbors. I feed the armies too."

I heard a low groan escape the dark shape which cowered beside me.

They went on with their testimony. How they fed starving Ireland; how the land smiled and glowed with thankfulness at the abundant harvest. All but one had spoken, yet the crown had not moved.

One little creature stood alone, in a pale crimson robe, with no dew-gems in her hair, no fragrance in her breath. Trembling she stood while the Lily Queen addressed her:

"Little one, friend Clover, hast thou no word to say? All have spoken but thee."

"Alas!" replied the little creature, "'tis so little I am ashamed—"

"We ourself will judge of that; and perhaps thou hast good reason for coming unjeweled and unperfumed into our presence."

Then a redder flush came into the little lady's cheeks as she answered, in a low and broken voice,

"I grew in a lonely field-corner, O Queen! and never till yesterday had I seen the face of a man to serve. But then came the crash of musketry, the booming of cannon, and rattle of drums, and men met in dreadful rage, and many died, and others suffered so horribly I am sure it would have grieved your Majesty's heart could you have heard them cry out for 'help' and 'water!'"

"Ho, ho, ho!" sounded beside me. "It was a great day! *I* was there!"

"I'll warrant you!" I thought, beginning to understand the character of my neighbor.

"One poor lad fell near me, and crawling out of the track, leaving a bloody trail behind him, buried his poor face in my blossoms. I gave him my dew-crown to moisten his parched lips, and my perfume mingled with his dying breath.

The Queen and her ladies listened eagerly.

"And what then?" she demanded.

"'Oh, that was so sweet!' he murmured. 'That was like the cold spring by the granite ledge! Lucy, I thought I felt your soft curls! Mother! dear Lucy!' and the sweetest of smiles came over his face as he died with that word. It was only my blossoms; but he thought it was his Lucy's curls. This, O Queen! is why I come thus unjeweled before thee."

Then slowly the hitherto invisible wings unfolded, the Emerald Crown rose lightly in the air and gently settled down upon the little Clover blossom's blushing brow. Then the Herald blew a blast upon his bugle, and the Queen spoke:

"My loyal subjects have all done well, nobly, each in his own way, either of beauty or use. But know that whoever by the giving of his or her own life or substance shall cheer the death-couch of the Brave and True shall evermore deserve and receive the Emerald Crown."

Then, while the "horns of Elf-land" all sounded the merry call to revelry and dainty feasting, and the lily-bells rang their joyous peal, a low, shivering moan went up beside me, and a sigh, as of unutterable woe, escaped his anguished breast.

"Now I must go back to fire and darkness! There is no hope for us! Even the weeds of the forest serve them, and the Fays of Fairy-land are their friends. Despair!" A faint, unwholesome mist rose in the air, and, vanishing away, sighed, as it exhaled in the early morning.

There was a peculiar chill in the air, a pale light in the east, and a distant crow of a cock. Presto! the Fays were gone!

As the brilliant cloud of wings faded away I caught sight of the Shamrock as, released from his damp dungeon, he laid his finger knowingly beside his nose and gave me a significant wink!

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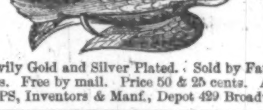

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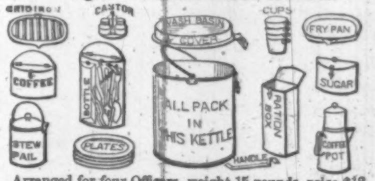

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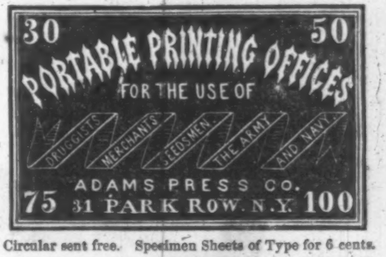

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